

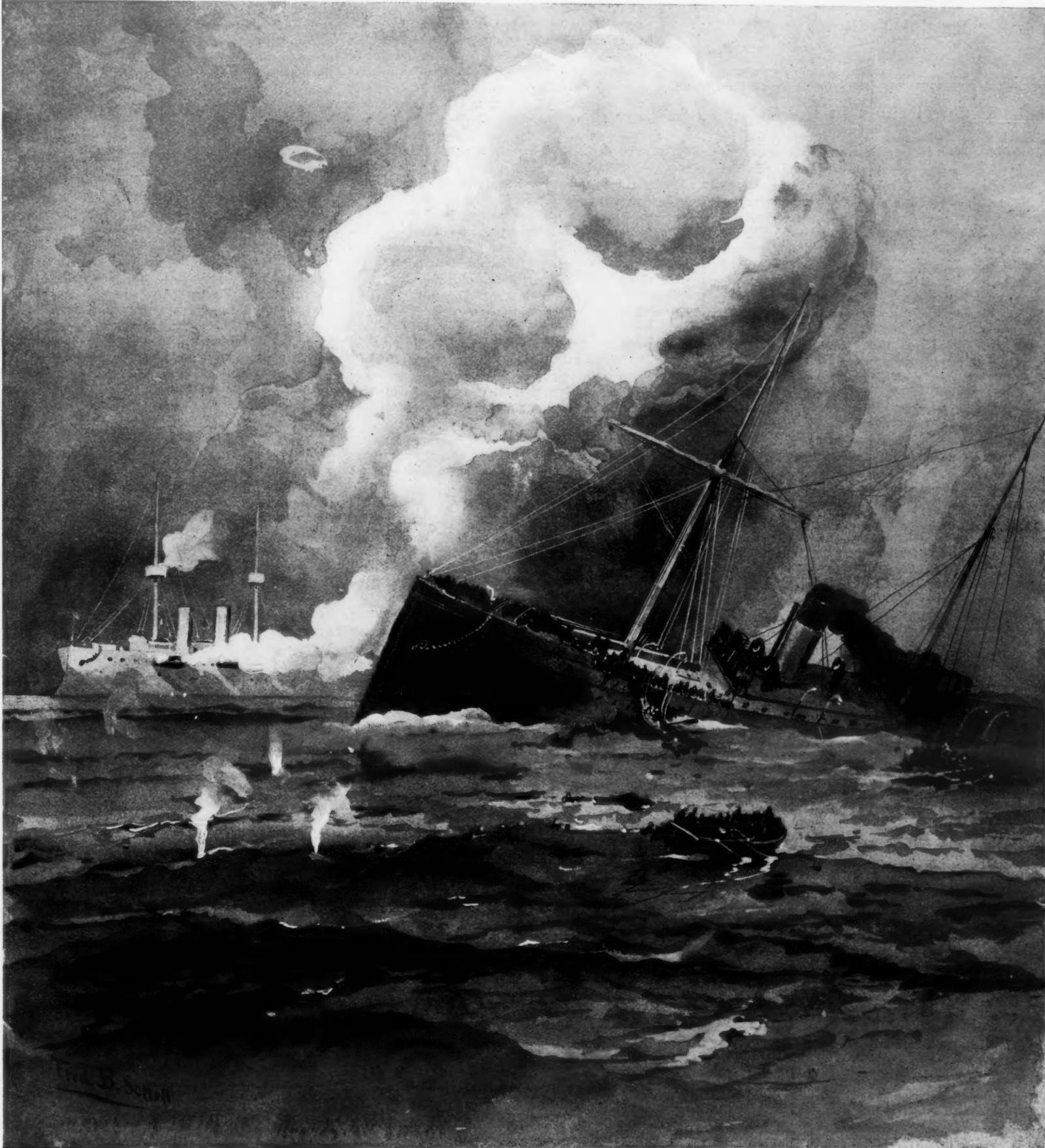
LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, AUGUST 23, 1894

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The *Kow-Shing* was a British vessel engaged in the service of the Chinese government as a troop-ship. It is charged that she was manned by British officers and carried the British flag. She was the fastest vessel in Eastern waters. When attacked by the Japanese war-ship *Naniwa* off the island of Shapaioul, she tried to get away, making only a weak running fight. The Japanese guns swept her decks and carried off the Chinese soldiers by the score. After fifteen discharges of the *Naniwa*'s ten-tonners the *Kow-Shing* sank by the stern, the British flag flying while she was sinking. Some seventeen hundred Chinese perished in the sea. One account says that the Japanese fired with Gatlings at the swimmers long after the *Kow-Shing* had foundered, but this has not been confirmed. The affair has produced a good deal of irritation in England, but no serious complications are likely to follow.

THE WAR BETWEEN CHINA AND JAPAN.

THE SINKING OF THE TROOP-SHIP "KOW-SHING" BY THE JAPANESE CRUISER "NANIWA," JULY 25TH.
DRAWN BY FRED B. SCHELL FROM A SKETCH BY LIONEL C. BARFF.
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ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY.

Positive Convictions in Politics.

A MAN is what he believes. Principles constitute the basis of character, and the character is the life. The reason why so many men amount to nothing in the world is found in the fact that they have no real convictions; no strong, positive beliefs. No amount of intellectual ability can compensate for an absence of conviction. Always and everywhere, on the other hand, the man who believes a thing with all his soul and strength is the actual controlling force in shaping the thought and determining the policy of his time.

We have in public life a good many men who in one way and another have been conspicuous. Some of them have been prominent for a quarter of a century or more as figures in the national legislature. But in all this time they have never accomplished anything which history will care to perpetuate. They have not suggested nor matured any great act of public policy. They have not helped to conquer any popular delusion or elevate the public thought as to any commanding issue. Take, by way of illustration, the career of Senator Voorhees, of Indiana. There have been times when no man in public life was more obtrusively prominent. But what has he ever achieved in positive results? From first to last he has been a colossal failure. He has lacked from the outset of his career stability of purpose; he has been on every side of every question that has agitated the country from the beginning of the Civil War down to the present time. He has been the advocate of fiat money, and of every financial heresy of his time, and he has favored a gold standard. He has denounced capital and capitalists with all the rancor of an anarchist, and he has voted to put millions of money into the coffers of monopolists and trusts. He has been for protection and against it. He has denounced the defenders of the Union as "hirelings," has opposed a wise and just system of pensions, and has now introduced in the Senate a bill for uniform service pension. As to all questions whatever which he has been called to consider he has played fast and loose, and so his admitted ability and his exceptional opportunities for usefulness have counted for precisely nothing at all.

We do not select Senator Voorhees as an illustration of our argument because he is a Democrat. There are Republicans, some of them enjoying prominence of a certain sort, who are equally open to criticism; who have been all their lives boxing the compass on every kind of issue, and as a result have nothing whatever to show for all their years of conflict and effort. The reason why Republicanism has ceased to appeal to a large body of our more thoughtful and sober-minded citizens is to be found just in the circumstance that the party has permitted men of this flabby sort—men of expediency, incapable of appreciating principle—mere trimmers and jugglers—to exercise undue control of its affairs. Thus in some of the Western States some of these so-called leaders have led the party into populist and prohibition entanglements, with the inevitable result that thousands of conscientious voters have been alienated, and disaster has come upon our standards. Not a few party disasters here in the East may be traced to the same toleration of expediency-mongers in the leadership.

These are times when men of principle, who have matured convictions and are brave enough to defend them, are needed at the fore. We have witnessed the spectacle of the Democrats in Congress backing and filling, for seven months or more, on the tariff—one day voting for a principle, and the next day, at the command of leaders without any fixed beliefs, coolly repudiating it. All this time the industries of the country have been paralyzed; capital and labor have been subjected to enormous losses, and the national finances have steadily tended to a revolution of stable and sound conditions. All of these evils might have been averted, and would have been escaped, if there had been at the head of affairs men of earnest, robust convictions, competent and willing to maintain and carry out a definite policy consistent with the highest

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public interests. The great need of the hour is men of this high sort, and the party which first and most clearly recognizes this need, and rids itself most effectually of the limber-backed, facile creatures who, while aspiring to be leaders in contests over principles, are unable to comprehend a principle when they see it, will be the really determinative influence in the politics of the future.

"The Eclipse of Free Trade."



We are to believe the London *Spectator* that the cause of free trade is not only not holding its own in England, but is actually losing ground. That journal, in a recent article, declares that "perhaps the most depressing and discouraging thing about the politics of the present day is the eclipse of free trade among the well-to-do and presumably educated classes of the community. Wherever you go," it adds, "you see signs that the old, wholesome belief in letting trade alone is dying out." This condition of things troubles the *Spectator* greatly. It especially laments the fact that what it calls protection twaddle "has crept into the newspapers, and, mark, not the newspapers which appeal to the uneducated and the masses, but into those which are in a special sense the organs of the rich and the cultivated. For example, the *Pall Mall Gazette* speaks of the Cobden Club as if it were the repository of a sort of fossil creed—a creed so fantastically antiquated as to be almost ridiculous."

Of course there is but one reason, in the *Spectator's* opinion, for this revival of the protectionist spirit in society and in the press. It is due entirely to ignorance—to the fact that "the present generation has not taken the trouble to understand the free-trade doctrine." If the people would only think, if they would consult the lessons of experience, they would see that protection is a dangerous fallacy and reject it with practical unanimity. We must be permitted to doubt this conclusion. We suspect that it is just because the great body of intelligent Englishmen have studied free trade in its actual results, that they have ceased to regard it as the sum of all economic benefit. If free trade has had a fair and full trial anywhere it has been in Great Britain; and if, as the *Spectator* says, the educated classes there are abandoning it, it is certainly a justifiable conclusion that it is no longer, under existing conditions in industrial production, contributive to British prosperity.

Restriction of Immigration.



THE bill of Senator Hill providing for the exclusion and deportation of anarchists is an important advance on previous legislation on this subject. Its enforcement would largely arrest the influx of this pestiferous class of aliens, and so diminish the hazards to which society is exposed from their machinations.

We ought, however, to do something more than legislate for the exclusion of anarchists and suspected persons. Immigration has in recent years become an invasion which sweeps with it elements hardly less desirable than this class of avowed enemies of the social order. Somehow we should restrict and sift this immigration. We must do it if we would preserve our national life and our industrial system from disintegration. So far all the methods of prevention proposed in Congress or elsewhere have been defective, lacking both comprehensiveness and practicability. The real point of attack, as it seems to us, in combating the evil, must be the point of departure of the obnoxious emigration. The vital feature of Senator Hill's bill is its provision requiring inspection of anarchist emigrants at foreign ports. Why may not this principle be applied to all emigration? Why cannot all intending emigrants be in some way examined by United States officials stationed at the ports or in the consular districts from which the emigrants come? The cost of such a system of inspection need not be large. The consular force could be increased by an additional clerk or two in those consulates through which emigration passes, and the service required could be performed with ease and certainty and without expense to the emigrant.

As to the details of such a scheme, it should be required, among other things, that two or more residents of the city or village where the emigrant resides should sign each individual application—which should also bear the signature of the applicant—certifying that they are personally acquainted with and believe him to be honest and able to support himself. The addresses of these witnesses should be given, and the paper should be signed in triplicate, one to be given to the emigrant, one to be sent to the officer of the port to which the party is booked, and the third retained in the consulate for reference. These blanks could be furnished free in the language of the country, and also supplied to all steamship agents or booking offices. The consul should be empowered to call before him for personal examination, if he so desired, the person proposing to emigrate. Any steamship company

bringing to our shores any emigrant declared by any consular or other inspection officer to be objectionable should be required to carry him back at its own cost. Such a system as this would, as we believe, diminish enormously the volume of undesirable immigration. Its obvious advantages would be these: 1. The person emigrating would be committed to a positive statement of his desire to come to this country. Now many land here—paupers, diseased and vicious persons—who come because they are sent by friends or relatives who wish to relieve themselves of a burden. 2. The requirement of certificates from two or more persons in the locality whence the emigrant comes, attesting to his honesty and good character, would act as a restraint upon persons of the criminal and obnoxious classes, and at the same time would make it possible for the United States official, in the event of questions arising on this side, to supply exact and complete information as a basis of intelligent action by the Commissioner of Immigration. If, in addition to these regulations, all immigrants could be held subject to deportation in case "they become criminals or paupers up to the date at which they acquired American citizenship," excellent results would follow. The country could be protected against the refuse of foreign populations, and the gains that would come from a healthy and desirable immigration would be fully realized.

Troubled with Defective Memories.

It is, perhaps, due to the Democratic Senators who have so muddled the Wilson Tariff bill that it flatly antagonizes the principles laid down in the Chicago platform, that this extenuating circumstance should be stated. It is to be presumed that these gentlemen are at heart loyal to the party professions. The trouble is that they are afflicted with short memories. They have simply forgotten the purport of the party promises made in 1892. That they are troubled in this way is very clearly illustrated by their testimony before the sugar trust investigating committee. None of these gentlemen, when asked as to whether he had invested in sugar stock, was able to make any explicit answer. One of them, who has been conspicuous in twisting the Tariff bill out of shape, declared that, according to his best recollection, he had purchased recently a thousand shares of stock. His impression was, however, that it was not sugar, but whisky stock. But he was not sure; it might be otherwise. By way of arriving at a definite conclusion he would make inquiries at home. He did so, and on the following day affirmed positively that his impression was correct. But the fact is that this Senator has acted throughout as if he were the paid counsel of the sugar trust, and the presumption is that he has profited by speculation in its shares. His memory was at fault. Other Senators have been equally forgetful, utterly unable, when first questioned, to make any distinct affirmations as to whether they had or had not invested in sugar. Now, it is quite natural that gentlemen whose memories are so defective in matters which concern their immediate personal interests should be altogether forgetful as to declarations made two years ago by a national convention. We are quite well persuaded that all the bother and apparent inconsistency which have marked the consideration of the tariff question are due to this fact: that the pledges made by their party have entirely escaped the recollection of Senators, and so they have been proceeding at random, with reference, not so much to principle as to their own personal interests. They are certainly entitled to the benefit of this explanation.

Daughters of the King.



HERE is a story of a fisherman's wife who, her husband being lost as he sought the home anchorage off the Orkney Islands one stormy night, forever after, when nightfall came, set a candle in the window of her cottage on the cliff, that other mariners, lighted by it, might escape the rocks on which he perished. In the day-time she slept, and at night trimmed and watched her candle, spinning meanwhile a hank or so of yarn, helped to supply her simple wants. In the summer the hardy fishermen, affected by her constancy of service, brought her fish from the sea, and in the winter supplied her such fuel as she needed. For fifty years, the story goes, she kept her light burning on the cliff, and in all that time not one vessel coming into the harbor which her cottage overlooked suffered loss or wreck. She was a daughter of the King; a type of thousands who, like her, are lighting beacons on dangerous shores.

The world is full of men and women who have gone astray; who have become enmeshed in folly and sin, and who never can break their bonds and find their way back to the old and safe paths until touched by some impulse from without. Some light must be set by which they can steer their course amid the rocks and shoals. Go into the slums of our great cities, where vice and crime present

their most odious forms, and you will find these lights shining everywhere in the darkness. Here, moving to and fro, in a home smitten with sickness and despair, is a slip of a girl. She is plain of face, with no comeliness of person or grace of carriage. But as you study her you see that she is deft of hand, gentle of speech, absolutely forgetful of self. The smile she wears falls like a benediction on the helpless and suffering ones to whom she ministers. There is no service that she does not cheerfully perform. She soothes the restless babe lying on the breast of the ailing mother; she plies her needle in the repair of tattered garments; she prepares a dainty morsel for the child just recovering from long illness; she dusts and airs the stifling rooms; she gives to all the dismal environment an aspect of cheerfulness, and by every act inspires despairing hearts with courage and hope. Sometimes she comes face to face with Death, and in the strength of a faith that lays hold of the invisible realities, helps the struggling soul to vanquish him. A daughter of the King, she leads to His feet repentant ones, coming ever so late from wayward wanderings.

Daughters of the King. They are everywhere in this great city of ours, doing loyal service in His name. They wear no badge, save, it may be, a silver cross or bit of purple ribbon, but they are known among the poor and unfortunate, in the dark and lonely places where scarce a rift of sunshine ever falls, as angels of light. Better than gown or surplice is the robe of a helpful spirit. Have these unfrocked ministers of love no relish for those pleasures in which others find delight—for the charms of literature, music, art; for social companionships and the joys of labor and conquest in wider spheres? These, indeed, make their appeal, but their voices are silenced by the louder plaints of human needs and woes; and so all life's gilded prizes are put away, and its great possibilities are relinquished in simple obedience to the highest sense of duty. There are no such royal renunciations as those which are made from such a motive—from love of human kind and sympathy with the lowly and the wretched; renunciations which open the gates of the prison-houses of despair and send forth their captives into new fields of hopeful endeavor.

Semiramis, in the olden time, going out to conquer the world, marked her way by feats of engineering and construction; she leveled hills, built highways, established towns, erected fountains. But the day came when, with her armies broken and scattered, she fled a fugitive, and her name perished from among men. Who cares to recall it now? It stands for nothing in the annals of earth or of heaven. But these daughters of the King who are keeping the lights burning in the slums; who are showing men and women how to make a wiser use of their lives; who are re-enforcing by effort and example the moral forces upon which any reconstruction of the social life of these localities must necessarily be built—their names will abide, abide alike in the recollections of grateful hearts and in the memory of Him who keepeth His chosen ones in the secret of His pavilion.

Russia's Navy and the Corean War.

BEFORE the war between China and Japan is finished it may mean much to the great European powers, and it will seem strange that of these powers only Russia has been alert enough to foresee the full situation. It is said to be a fact that for several months Russia has been landing troops by the thousands in Eastern Siberia, adjacent to Corea, and is fully prepared to take advantage of any necessities or opportunities that may come her way.

Russia's navy, some illustrations of which are given on another page, may rank only third or fourth in the list of nations, but there can be no doubt that in this move it has ranked first. The Siberian fleet of Russia consists of nine vessels, one armored cruiser, two protected cruisers, four sloops-of-war, and two gun-boats. No other nation has more than three or four war-ships on that station, and none has the power to cope with Russia at present in the matter of troops, some forty thousand of which Russia is said to have concentrated within forty-eight hours of the scene of hostilities.

All this brings Russia's navy into special prominence. In effective battle-ships Russia ranks third among the nations. England has forty-six of these built or building, France has thirty-four, Russia has seventeen. In coast-defense vessels Russia has fifteen ships, France has sixteen, and England only twelve. In cruisers, however, England is overwhelmingly the strongest of the three. England has eighty-five of these, while France has thirty-five, and Russia has only thirteen.

Russia and France, however, are more than matching England in the tonnage of the battle-ships that all three are building. England is building three immense vessels of this kind, France is building nine, most of which are of a very large size, and Russia is building eight of a grade similar to those that France is constructing. The tonnage of the three English ships is 42,150; France's nine ships, 94,686; Russia's eight ships, 82,190.

But, after all, the real strength of a navy lies with its men. Russia's sailors are as good fighters as her soldiers. They know no such thing as fear. The Russians are also displaying much activity in developing their navy, and it

ought to please Americans to know that they are copying our battle-ships of the *Indiana* class almost identically in some of their new ships. When the Russian flag-ship, *Dimitri Donskoi*, sailed into New York harbor in advance of the naval review fleet last year the first question that the Russian officers asked of the reporters who came out to see them was: "Is Captain Mahan, of your navy, in port? We have read his wonderful books, and we want to meet him and pay our respects to him."

Since then Captain Mahan has been lionized in England, but this question by the Russian officers shows their real character, and also gives a hint of what we may expect of the Russians should the Corean war develop into a contest between the great powers.

A Plan Worth Considering.



THE Board of Trade of Minneapolis appears to have hit upon a plan which may have considerable bearing upon the much-discussed question of foreign immigration. Some months ago this organization opened correspondence with several of the more important commercial bodies of Great Britain, asking them to suggest the names of leading and thoroughly responsible men who could be invited to visit Minnesota with a view of acquainting themselves with the resources and the possibilities of that State. As the result of this correspondence three representative gentlemen were selected, to whom the Board of Trade guaranteed the payment of all expenses for the round trip. No obligations of any sort were imposed; they were simply to accept the proffered hospitality, make a thorough canvass of the agricultural resources of the State, and give to the best class of thrifty young Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen who might apply for information on their return to their own country, their candid opinion of the State they had visited.

The English delegation, consisting of Messrs. T. R. Stephenson, a prominent agriculturist of Cairnforth, Lancashire, England; J. G. Gilchrist, of Scotland, lecturer in the agricultural department of the Glasgow School of Technology; and R. H. Anderson, a practical agriculturist of County Tyrone, Ireland, are now in Minnesota, engaged in the inspection of the strictly agricultural districts and the study of the manufacturing industries of the industrial centres.

There is in this action of the Minneapolis Board of Trade a suggestion of a mode of procedure which is well worthy of the consideration of similar organizations in other States. If we had gone about this importation of foreign labor and foreign pauperism and foreign anarchy as a nation with the same forethought that these Western gentlemen are displaying in the matter of setting forth the advantages of their State as a home for the right kind of people, we should not now be reaping such a baleful harvest of tares as that which is ripening from day to day.

WHAT'S GOING ON

In a recent report on the slums, United States Labor Commissioner Wright intimates that the earnings of the people in the New York slums are about the same as the average in the United States. There is a sense in which this may be true, but in practical effect it is wholly untrue. The earnings of a man are the ultimate good things that his labor will give him. They are expressed in the rent of his habitation, and in fuel, meat, bread, potatoes, sugar, and coffee, all the necessities and purchasable things that he uses. And, expressed in this way, the wages of an average worker in a sweat-shop bear no comparison to the average wages in any part of the United States, where the people can house and clothe and feed themselves in comfort on the product of their toil.

A good many innovations have been introduced during the life of the present national administration. Some of these have been social in character, and some of them political; all have attracted more or less remark. The latest innovation is perhaps the most notable, and that is the introduction of a "court photographer." We are not informed as to where the idea of this pictorial office originated; it may or may not have been suggested from the White House, or by some high dignitary of the government; the important fact is that the officer exists, and insists upon recognition. Only the other day we received a photograph of "the ladies of the Cabinet," which was offered for publication on the distinct condition that it should be credited as coming from the "court photographer." It was a good picture, but we were unable to use it for the reason that, having already published an excellent one of the Cabinet group, this would have had little interest for our readers. The portrait of the photographer himself would prove a far greater attraction to the

general public than any other picture it is in his power to furnish.

THE whirling of time brings all things even. Eighteen or twenty years ago Senator Butler, of South Carolina, was conspicuous as a leader of gangs of "Red Shirts" who amused themselves by riding into Republican meetings, compelling a division of time with Democratic speakers, and in many cases preventing Republican candidates from being heard. That was Senator Butler's idea of "freedom of speech" when the Bourbons were in the saddle and in supreme control. Now his plan is turned against himself by the Tillmanites of his State, and he goes up and down declaiming about the outrages to which he is subjected in not being permitted to speak without turbulent interruptions. He ought to understand that having sown the wind it was inevitable that he would reap the whirlwind. Having encouraged the tyranny of the mob and put contempt upon free speech, he has no right at all to complain if the mob now turn and rend him.

THE Cincinnati *Enquirer* speaks its mind about President Cleveland with a frankness and vigor which seem strangely out of place in a Democratic newspaper. It says of him that "he has impeded rather than advanced tariff reform," and that "he is a more unrelenting enemy of silver than John Sherman." He had to have a fire built under him," it goes on to say, "before he could be stimulated to the slightest interest in the repeal of the Federal election laws. He has insulted Democrats by his tardiness in appointing them to places that are rightfully theirs, and his general attitude toward the Democratic party has been one of apology for it rather than of pride, stimulation and encouragement." It is utterly unable to understand why any Democratic convention should applaud a man who is so indifferent to Democratic principles. If the *Enquirer* would define just what the principles of the Democracy are perhaps we could judge more intelligently as to the justice of its criticisms of the head of the party.

THE triumph of the Bourbon Democracy in the recent Alabama election by a majority even more decisive than that of two years ago is important only as showing that any and all attempts to break Democratic ascendancy in that State which have no basis in principle must necessarily fail. While Kolbism is in a sense a protest against the existing Democratic oligarchy in the State, it represents to a considerable extent the resentments and ambitions of a class, and proposes no definite or coherent policy in harmony with advanced ideas and the best interests of the electorate. There is nothing whatever in the professions of the Kolb party which appeals to any Republican, and its success would not have proved of the slightest benefit to anybody but the bolting Democratic faction and the Populists who had joined hands with it. If Alabama is ever wrested from Democratic control it will be done as the result of popular education along the lines of principle and high policy, by a party having consistent aims and animated by honestly patriotic purpose. One result of the recent election is matter of congratulation; it assures the return of Mr. Morgan to the United States Senate. Senator Morgan is not without his faults; he is not as sound as he ought to be on some important questions; but he is a man of distinguished ability, of undoubted conscientiousness of purpose, and a true-blue American, who can be depended upon to maintain American ideas and interests on all occasions; and men of this stamp are not so numerous that we can afford to lose any of them from the public service.

AMERICAN legislative history presents no such spectacle of pusillanimity and utter contempt of principle as that afforded in the surrender of the House of Representatives to the dictators of the Senate in the matter of the Tariff bill. That bill, as passed by the Senate, was constructed with special reference to the enrichment of interests which the House had distinctly antagonized. It betrayed every essential principle for which the House had contended. Its acceptance had been for weeks violently resisted. It had been declared over and over again by the leading Democrats of the House who had framed and passed the original bill, that it would never, never be agreed to by that body. Better no legislation at all, it was repeatedly and vigorously affirmed, than legislation involving a violation of party professions and the sacrifice of the public interests. Some of these protestants were undoubtedly sincere. They probably believed that there was virtue enough in the House to resist the blandishments of the monopolists whose interests the Senate has been so careful to subserve. How utterly they were mistaken is shown by the result. Of the whole number of Democrats, only twenty-one voted to stand out against the Senate bill. The Sugar Trust, which has been from the first master of the situation, may well felicitate itself upon the outcome of its struggle. If Mr. Wilson, of the Ways and Means Committee, is right, it will reap under the Senate schedule a profit of \$40,000,000. The people will see to it at the coming elections that the men who have made this result possible, are deprived of all further opportunity to betray their interests for reasons either of personal or party gain.

George Inness, N. A.

An American artist of the first distinction, whose merit has received international recognition by the placing of his pictures in public and private collections in Europe as well as in his own country, has passed away in George Inness, who died at the historic Brig of Allan, in Scotland, on August 3d. His health had not been good for some years, but his wonderful nervous vitality had sustained him, and he completed one of his finest pictures but a short time before he sailed for Europe in the hope of recuperating himself by some months of rest. While in his own studio he could not refrain from work, and he

(Continued on page 121.)



MRS. FRENCH-SHELDON, PROJECTOR OF INDUSTRIAL COLONIZATION IN AFRICA.
[SEE PAGE 121.]



THE LATE GEORGE INNESS, N. A., THE GREATEST OF AMERICAN LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1883 BY E. S. BENNETT.



RUINS OF THE PRODUCE MARKET AT MINNEAPOLIS, RECENTLY DESTROYED BY FIRE.

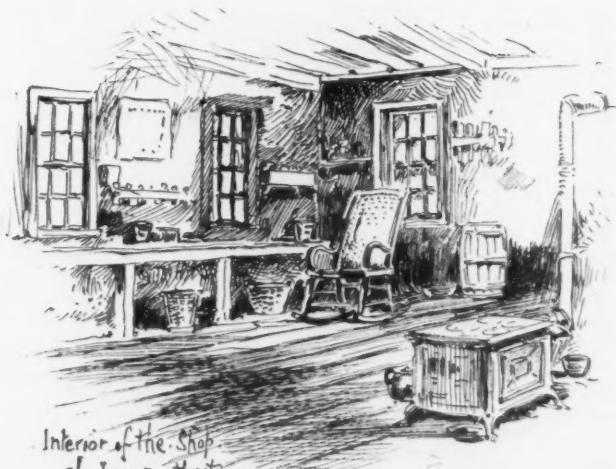


THE TWO MILLION AND A HALF DOLLAR FIRE IN THE LUMBER DISTRICT OF CHICAGO.

THE FIRE-SWEPT WEST.—DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS —[SEE PAGE 121.]
Copyrighted by the Arkell Weekly Company.



Old Mr. Massey
one of the
Government
witnesses.



LEAL.

By JULIA MAGRUDER.

WHEN Mrs. Oranmore returned to America, after an absence of several years, it was understood by her friends to be solely a business expedition, there being well-known reasons to account for the fact that she shunned the society and associations of her early life. It was, therefore, a matter of surprise when, after transacting her business in the city, she suddenly arrived at a fashionable winter resort situated in the far South, as guardian to a very pretty girl. It had, in truth, been the importunities of this girl—Nelly Lacy—which had caused her to emerge from her seclusion and appear in the full glare of social life. Nelly's mother was dead, and her father being rather exact, his consent to her few weeks' sojourn at the seaside hinged upon the securing of an unexceptionable companion, and Mrs. Oranmore was the only person who seemed to reconcile the somewhat conflicting requirements of father and daughter. So she let herself be persuaded and went, repaid for whatever sacrifice there may have been by the deep delight she had given her little friend. She had loved and watched over this girl from childhood, and there were too few objects of love left from the wreck of her early life for her to be indifferent to them. Nelly, for her part, had a quite romantic attachment to this beautiful woman, not a great many years older than herself, who was known to have had a history, and who was still, in spite of her distinguished appearance and large fortune, a very widow indeed—although she had long since laid by her mourning, and in Europe was said to mingle freely with the great world, where she exercised a certain power. One reason for this—besides those already given—was the possession of a magnificent voice, now in its zenith. She was a great deal talked about wherever she went, but no love affairs were ever mentioned, and it was easy to believe, looking into her dark, deep eyes, that the past in some way held her still.

There was an army post at Fort Shore, and Nelly knew some of the officers, one of them being a favorite cousin and a capital dancier, and she looked forward to the pleasure before her with all the earnestness of her ardent heart.

One evening, on the parade-ground, when many of the ladies from the hotel had come over to see the drill, and were scattered about in picturesque groups on the benches under the trees, Mrs. Oranmore left Nelly to go and speak to a child who sat all alone on a seat near by, intently watching the movements of the soldiers, and looking at the same time very lonely and apart from her surroundings. She seated herself on the bench beside the child and asked if she were waiting for any one.

"Yes," replied the little girl, looking at her rather coldly, and immediately turning her gaze back toward the soldiers. "I am waiting for papa."

Mrs. Oranmore had wonderful tact with children, and she at once divined that this child did not want to be questioned or bothered with talk. So she only asked if she might have part of the seat, and, when permission was given, she sat silent and watched furtively the interesting little face beside her. It was very dark and serious, and very mature for a girl of her years; not at all beautiful, but yet worth looking at. Suddenly a bright light broke over it and the child sprang up and ran forward. Across the green sward she ran toward the group of officers, who, having saluted their superior, had broken ranks and were advancing to where the visitors were sitting. Several of the younger of them made straight toward little Miss Lacy. Before they reached her, however, the officer in command had been joined by the child, who seized his hand and clung to it; and as they passed before Nelly this officer raised his hat and said, as he nodded toward the eager youngsters who were approaching her:

"Poor laddies! Be gentle with them, Miss Nelly," and then went on with a smile. The light, or rather, to speak more properly, the shadow of that smile was still on his face as he came near Mrs. Oranmore. When the child saw and recognized her late companion a sudden

affectionate impulse seized her, and in passing she put out her hand, saying gently:

"Good-bye."

The look with which Mrs. Oranmore placed hers in it must have pleased her, for the little girl clung to the soft hand, and, holding her father's on the other side, looked from one to the other as if in a sort of tacit introduction. The officer raised his hat, bowed slightly, smiled again, and drew the child away.

There was a wonderful quality in that smile, and in the full, direct look that accompanied it. It was brief; but it seemed—to the woman, at least—to reveal much. What was it that made her feel, the instant she met that look, a sense of kinship? The expression she saw in this man's eyes was one with the feeling in her own heart. She had suffered much herself, and she knew those were the eyes of a man who had suffered. A third person, taking the trouble to observe them both closely, would, perhaps, have seen that there was the shadow look of past sorrow in the woman's eyes, while the man's had the unrestfulness of a present and enduring grief.

All through the evening that brief look came and went before Mrs. Oranmore's vision, and when Miss Lacy entered her room before retiring, for a little friendly chat, the older woman said, suddenly:

"Nelly, who was the officer in command at the drill this afternoon?"

"Oh, don't you know who he is?" said the girl with a sort of fervor. "Why, that was Major Keith."

"Major Keith? You don't mean—"

"Yes, I do. It's the very Major Keith whose wife deserted him and had such a wretched history—was left alone in a foreign city somewhere and fell into dreadful health, and finally made her way home to her husband and child and begged him to take her back, which he did. Her beauty was absolutely gone, and she was only a sick, fretful, unhappy woman, for whom, his friends say, he could have had not a ray of love left; and, besides, Charley Drew tells me

sight. The moment he is off duty he has to hurry to her, and Charley says you can see him, for hours together, walking with her up and down, up and down the back porch of their house—both of them absolutely silent for she rarely speaks, and doesn't like to be spoken to. It seems she has a sort of dislike for the child, hardly ever notices her, and will rarely let her stay a moment where she is, and then won't allow her to make a sound. It's no wonder the little thing looks so odd and unhappy, and that she idolizes her father so. Charley says that child is the one comfort the poor man has on earth."

"It is a terrible story," said Mrs. Oranmore. "I remember hearing of it long ago. Why, this must have been going on for years."

"It has—Charley said so—and she seems just the same as when it began—no better and no worse."

"Poor soul!" said Mrs. Oranmore. "It is an awful expiation that she is working out."

"But think of him," said Nelly. "She deserves it all, and brought it on herself, while he has nothing to expiate. What must it be to him?"

"God knows," said the other, gently shaking her head, while the tears gathered in her eyes. "Perhaps he is laying up for himself a great reward in the world to come. Certainly he has had his purgatory here."

"And he's so handsome, too—isn't he?" said Nelly, regretfully. "Charley says there's scarcely such another figure in the service, and that he used to be the life of the regiment; but now no one ever has five minutes' talk with him without a message coming that his wife wants him at once."

"It's a pitiful, pitiful case," said the elder woman, lifting her arms and drawing the young girl to her. "Oh, Nelly dear, be happy while you can. Most lives are so sad, one way or another. Go to bed now. I never like to have you near me when I'm in a croaking mood."

Nelly clung for a moment to the taller woman's neck and held her close, while there flashed through her mind the memory of another sad and pitiful case, and she thought how this sweet creature had once given her whole heart's love to a man who had enjoyed it for a day and then despised it. She felt that Mrs. Oranmore was thinking, too, of the young husband who had died some years ago, and who, but for a sudden accident that killed him before his schemes could be carried out, would

me Leal, even when you were a little child? Darling, that was the name my husband called me by in the days when he loved me. It was on our wedding journey, and I was telling him how faithful and loyal and true I would be to him—even if I should lose every other charm, and he said, 'I am going to abbreviate your name, and call you Leal, instead of Leila,' and after that he always did. Even when my loyalty and faithfulness had become a bore and a trouble to him he would often forget and call me by that little name that I had loved so. Oh, Nelly, it was all so strange! I have never told a soul about our parting, but I'll tell you now. I can't tell you how it happened that I let him get the divorce; he forced me to it by the most cruel wrongs and outrages, and at last I gave way. It was while the proceedings were in progress that he came to see me to make some arrangements. I was living in a quiet little country town where no one knew about it, and one evening suddenly I got a note asking me if I would see him. Oh, my child, I cannot tell you what I felt. You may think that all the insults and cruelties and indignities he had put upon me, to force me into compliance with his wishes, would have utterly killed my feeling for him; but they had not. He had once been so sweet and tender to me, and I had loved him so dearly, and I couldn't forget it all at once. When I knew that I was to see him for one more time I dressed myself with extreme care and tried to look my very best, and when he came my heart almost broke to see him. He was so handsome and charming-looking, and I had once been so proud of him. How could he cast me off when I would have given him such unfailing faithfulness and devotion? He talked about business matters for a little while, and thanked me for being, as he said, 'a reasonable little woman at last,' and then got up to go. Oh, Nelly, I could not help it—he was my husband still, and I held out my arms to him. He laughed as if I had been a child, and took me to him and comforted me as a woman would a baby. 'There, there, Leal,' he said. 'Never mind, dear; you'll soon get over it. You're a good little thing and you're not going to be unhappy. You'll have lots of nice times by and by, when you get over this silly notion about me. There, there, little one, don't cry. It'll all come right. Wipe your eyes and give me a kiss.' And he actually wiped them dry himself and kissed me two or three times, and told me again not to fret for him, but to be bright and happy—and so left

me. Oh, I do wonder," she broke forth suddenly, "how it would have been if he had lived! I suppose I would have almost died of torture at the recollection of how I had behaved. He could never have come to love me again—for all that was quite dead—and he wanted money above everything on earth, and I had none to give him then. Afterward, when my fortune came to me unexpectedly, I wondered if he would come back to me for it, and I can fancy myself scorning him if he had, and paying him back for some of the pangs he had made me suffer; but all this conjecturing was to no purpose. He did not live—he died—that very night, in a railway collision, and he died my husband, and I had a right to mourn him as his lawful wife. There was something very sweet to me in that, and I felt so thankful the divorce had never been. I was thankful, too, that I had parted from him kindly. But now," she went on, breathing a deep sigh, "after years have passed, I see things more clearly. I know the love I gave him was not the best love I could offer. It was based upon no sentiments of regard nor knowledge of character. I was just in love with him—a young girl's love—you know I was married at seventeen—and the object of my adoration was a very different being from the man I could have loved in my maturity; and yet, somehow, in all the years that I've been free no man has ever fired that love. I have known no man who could command it; and that little word Leal—mockery as it is—seems destined to cling to me."

She paused and drew the young girl closer to her for a moment, then their arms unclasped and they parted. Nelly could not speak, but she knew her fond pressure had said what she would have spoken. It was the first time Mrs. Oranmore had ever talked to her about her past, and the recital had stirred her deeply.

The morning after this conversation Mrs. Oranmore was standing at her window in a rather absent mood, when she suddenly became conscious that the prospect spread beneath her gaze included a portion of the interior of the fort. Several brick houses, with tidy grass-plots



"The officer raised his hat, bowed, smiled, and drew the child away."

he married her when he was quite a boy, and every one says she never was the sort of woman he would have chosen as a man. However, he had once loved her and she was the mother of his child, and he took her back and has been a martyr to her ever since. Charley says the men and officers simply adore him, and that the life he leads is something awful. Mrs. Keith, it seems, is almost crazy with nervousness and insomnia, and will hardly bear him out of her

have died her divorced, instead of her wedded husband. She knew the whole sad story, and she knew it to be the only romance of this woman's life—this woman who was so wonderfully made to reward a man's love and to bless his home.

"Nelly," said the other, presently, led by some mysterious intuition to speak of what was in the young girl's thoughts, "do you know why it was that I taught you long ago to call

and abundant vines, were in view, and a swift memory made her scan these with a sudden interest. The next moment something caught her eye which at once arrested her attention. It was the sight of two moving figures on a long porch at the back of one of the houses; she could make them out to be a man and a woman, and she knew who they were. After watching them a while she went to her drawer and got out a glass, through which she could plainly recognize the man's strong, erect figure and soldier-like walk, somewhat constrained to adapt themselves to the woman's listless gait. The female figure was thin and bowed, and some dark drapery was drawn around the head and shoulders.

For almost an hour Mrs. Oranmore watched the two figures, as arm in arm they tramped up and down, up and down the long porch, with the monotonous regularity of a tread-mill.

"Good heavens, what torture!" she said to herself; "the woman has at least her bodily ailments to interest her and occupy her mind; but for the poor man, this life of his must be worse than a hundred deaths."

And yet was there something in that life that her whole being worshiped. She had never met with heroism such as this before, and she saw the lost ideal of her youth rising up again. What mattered a thousand disappointments if humanity was yet great enough to show her one such man as this. How paltry her own past sufferings seemed compared to this! They had been poignant enough, but they had passed and time had mercifully healed the wounds. But this endured. Through long years it had lasted, and it might be for years to come. Forth from her ardent heart there shot a quick prayer to God that He would give this good man comfort and strength, and some day peace and joy.

She was interrupted by Nelly's coming in abruptly, leading a little creature, whom she at once recognized as Major Keith's child.

"I've brought little May in for you to sing for her, Leal," she said. "I met her on the beach this morning, and could not prevail upon her to come in with me until I told her she should hear the loveliest singing that ever she listened to. Her nurse told me she loved music better than anything in the world, and I determined to give her a treat. I know you have refused to reveal your voice to other people here, but you'll sing for May, won't you?"

"Of course I will," said Mrs. Oranmore, who had drawn the child straight to her heart and kissed her pale cheek tenderly. May showed some pleasure, she thought, in recognizing in the looked-for singer her acquaintance of the parade-ground, and she, for her part, felt a passionate longing to make the child love her.

"Can you sing, May?" she asked, as she led her into the next room, where Nelly was already opening the piano.

"No; but papa can. Papa used to sing to me often, a long time ago, when mamma was away. Sometimes he sings to me now, when we go away up the beach; but mamma wants him most all the time, and he can't sing in the house; it makes mamma's head ache."

Mrs. Oranmore did not answer, but sat down to the piano and began to sing. She had a voice that had often held spellbound audiences of distinguished and cultivated people; but she had never wished to please so much as now, and it was with strong gratification that she saw the look of delight in the child's face. When the first song was ended and the singer turned and held out her hand to May, the little creature threw herself impulsively into her arms, and the young widow knew that she had completely won that lonely heart.

(To be concluded next week.)

George Inness, N. A.

(Continued from page 118.)

desired, by absenting himself from the temptation held forth by his easel, to remedy the waste upon his physical forces. Unfortunately he adopted this remedy too late.

Mr. Inness came of Scotch stock, and was born, by the printed obituaries, at Newburg, New York, on May 1st, 1825. His elder brother, however, fixes the date of his birth in July of that year. He was the only member of his family known to have any predilection for artistic pursuits. He was a man of medium height, of a spare frame, with a very intellectual head and gray eyes of almost penetrating power. Apart from his art he was devoted to the study of metaphysics, in which he was a profound thinker and a writer of great force. What leisure he found from his easel he devoted to the pen, and he has left a mass of manuscript bearing on his absorbing subject, which abounds in passages of astounding eloquence and power, especially when it is considered that his education was only that which

a boy might procure in the common school of a country town.

His schooling as a painter was even less extensive. He studied engraving on steel, but his health was so delicate and his eyes so weak that he was compelled to abandon this pursuit. He did a little sketching from nature with the pencil, and received, for a brief period, some instructions in painting from Regis Gignoux, a French artist at that time settled in this country. He then made several visits to Europe, and was in a slight and beneficial measure influenced by the French school of 1830, but his later work was entirely national in character and individual in expression. He was not only an American artist by birth, but thoroughly American in his originality and in his spirit.

The story of Mr. Inness's early life in art is one of struggle, but in his later years his genius secured ample support, and there are many collectors in this country, notably Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, of New York; Mr. Potter Palmer and Mr. James W. Ellsworth, of Chicago; Mr. Richard H. Haistead and Mr. Benjamin Altman, both of New York, who have formed groups of his pictures in their collections. The late Mr. George L. Seney was a most devoted admirer and liberal patron of his art, and striking examples of him are to be found in nearly every public and private collection of any note in the United States.

In his earlier works Mr. Inness displayed an adherence to detail then in great vogue, but his methods grew much broader and simpler as he advanced, and his later pictures established the standard of his style, and caused him to be justly called the greatest landscape painter in America, and ranked him as one of the greatest in the world. An often dramatic intensity of feeling is one of the characteristics of his best work. He was a rich colorist and a very strong draughtsman, and was particularly fond of studying and rendering effects of dawn and of sunset, and the ripest periods of midsummer and autumn.

His son, George Inness, Jr., is an artist of marked merit, and his son-in-law, Jonathan Scott Hartley, is one of our best-known sculptors. Mr. Inness was a member of the National Academy of Design, and of several other artistic societies, but was ever so absorbed in his own work, at the easel or the writing-desk, that he took very little active part in their movements.

ALFRED TRUMBLE.

At Kenilworth.

WHEN summer's brightest gold was on the grain, One morn we loitered in the court that lies Between the massive, jutting Norman tower And Leicester's toppling tower at Kenilworth. Around the windows of the banquet-hall The ivy wove its emerald festoons: Within, the wind alone was roisteron.

White clouds flung sleepy shadows. A blue dove Perched in a vacant niche. The wild brier rose And tufts innumerable of flowering grass From riven wall and crumbling turret waved— The castle's only bravery.

"Turn back!" We cried, "upon thy course, O Time! Give us one hour of thy rich storied past, And people it with such rare pageantry As England's Virgin Queen here looked upon. From resurrected heights let streamers flaunt, And men-at-arms troop by, and mailed knights, And steeds that prance to trumpets pealing loud; While clear within yon eastern oriel set The lovely, death-o'ershadowed face of her Whose name the wind forever round these towers Dirges night-long, how'er so gay the year."

In vain! in vain!—No wizard hand gave heed, Waving a wand, and bidding dead years rise; But down the breeze low echo-wraiths were borne, Vague as the whispers of the poplar leaf What time it silvers 'neath the midnight moon; And through arched door and ivied window-space And jagged breach, where fell the flood-light warm, Thronged shadow-forms that fancy gave the guise Of mortals animate.

"Hark!—was that a bell? Broad noon, and dreaming!—what an hour for dreams!"

But who dreams not at haunted Kenilworth?

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Disastrous Western Fires.

THE Northwest has been peculiarly unfortunate in the past six or seven weeks in the extent and destructiveness of its fires.

Minneapolis, one of the leading lumber manufacturing cities in the world, has suffered severely. Recently the fine new produce-market building was burned, with a total loss of nearly three hundred thousand dollars, while a few days later a disastrous fire in the lumber district near the city caused a loss well on to a half million dollars. This latter fire destroyed several buildings, about thirty freight cars, and twenty-eight million feet of pine lumber. Over two hundred fire alarms were answered in Minneapolis in the month of July.

The most disastrous of all the fires of the

summer was that which swept over sixty acres of the lumber district in Chicago on the night of the 1st instant, destroying over ninety million feet of lumber and a number of manufacturing plants, and entailing a loss of over two million, five hundred thousand dollars. The area of the fire was left, in three hours, a mere blackened waste.

To Help Humanity.

IT is only within a few months that there has existed in the United States a "Home for Epileptics." There is now in all the country but one hospital or sanitarium in which these unfortunate can be received, though the offer of a "king's ransom" were made to procure them a refuge. Hippocrates called this most mysterious of human afflictions "the sacred malady." Plato said it was caused by the thirst for gold. Since their time until now it has been but little better understood.

Considering the population of New York City as more than one million, six hundred thousand, there are now within its limits about ten thousand epileptics, if the estimate of Niemeyer be followed. That eminent authority says there are six epileptics in every thousand people. It is supposed that there are twelve thousand of them in the State of New York, and one hundred and thirty thousand of them in the United States. Medical men say ten per cent. of these unfortunate "go insane for lack of proper care and treatment." There is but one institution on the continent, incredible as the statement may seem, where they can have this treatment and care, the one chance to save their reason. Holland, Germany, France, and Switzerland established such homes some years ago. But the epileptics of the United States, one of "the most enlightened countries," have been cared for only in the insane-asylums and the poor-houses. In this State alone there are twelve hundred of them now in insane-asylums, and six hundred of them in county poor-houses. Yet, epileptics, while inherently deficient, mentally and physically, may be useful and tolerably happy members of the communities which now shun them.

As no one will knowingly employ epileptics their opportunities of earning a living are cut off. If left to themselves they become dull and feeble. If their infirmity is unsuspected they live in constant terror that the seizure will come upon them at the least welcome moment—the physician with a patient in his consulting-room, the lawyer while pleading a case, the refined woman, a wife and mother, perhaps, while she is away from home, among strangers. Six per cent. of them might be cured, but humanity has refused them, in this country at least, the opportunity.

There is, at last, evidence of progress in the home for epileptics recently opened by the enterprise of a few well-known New York physicians. It is at Durhamville, in Oneida County, New York, about six hours' ride from the city, on the New York Central Railroad. Medical men of skill and experience are in attendance, and with a corps of trained nurses. The inmates may divert their minds with bowling, billiards, driving, and lawn sports. Above all, they may be cured.

Last year Governor Flower vetoed a bill providing for the establishment of an epileptic colony at Soneyea, near Utica. He has recently signed a bill providing for such an institution, to be known as the Craig Colony, near Mount Morris, in Livingston County. Colonies of the kind are in successful operation at Bielefeld, in Westphalia, near Hanover, and in nine other localities on the continent. So far from it harming epileptics to bring them together in this way, it benefits them; they are happier, meeting each other on terms of equality, and then seizures are in consequence less frequent. Most of these colonies in Europe, especially those at Aix-la-Chapelle, Dusseldorf, Zurich, and Rotenberg, are farms. Indigent epileptics will have some opportunity to better their unfortunate condition when the Craig Colony shall have become a fact.

It is an odd thing at least, that among all the magnificent hospitals of New York City there is none to which these strangely-afflicted mortals may be taken. There is probably not one among the many American sanitariums for sufferers from nervous diseases which is not called on at frequent intervals to receive, not for charity's sake, but in the name of wealthy humanity, an epileptic patient. It is supposed that at least one thousand in New York's ten thousand are able and anxious to give handsomely of the goods of this world for skilled attention and zealous care. Yet it has been the theory that for the sake of the other inmates epileptics must be barred out.

The fact is, doctors have, time out of mind,

spoken of this singular affection as incurable. Medical science for centuries found in it a puzzle. Why take them in here, say the hospital authorities, when they are dangerous alike to themselves and others and must continue so? So this perilous element has been left under private surveillance, a distinct and constant menace to the safety of the community.

JOHN PAUL BOOCOCK.

Industrial Colonization in Africa.

MRS. FRENCH-SHELDON, whose achievements in East Africa have already won for her a place among travelers and explorers that is unique, is getting ready to begin a work that she hopes and believes will solve the problem of civilization among the savages of the Dark Continent. In brief this work will consist of the establishment of industrial missions and training schools in which the natives will be taught to develop the resources of their own country, to utilize their own energies in economical fashion, and to live civilized lives.

The germ of the idea upon which Mrs. French-Sheldon is now working came to her during her expedition through territory not before visited by a white person, and culminated in the circumnavigation of Lake Chela, afeat which has not been duplicated by any one, white or black. During that journey, which, it will be remembered, she made without the companionship of any person of her own color, she met with no hostile demonstrations, and her caravan suffered the loss of but one man, who was killed by a lion. This is a record almost without parallel, and its accomplishment, instead of being hindered, was undoubtedly furthered by the fact that she was a woman.

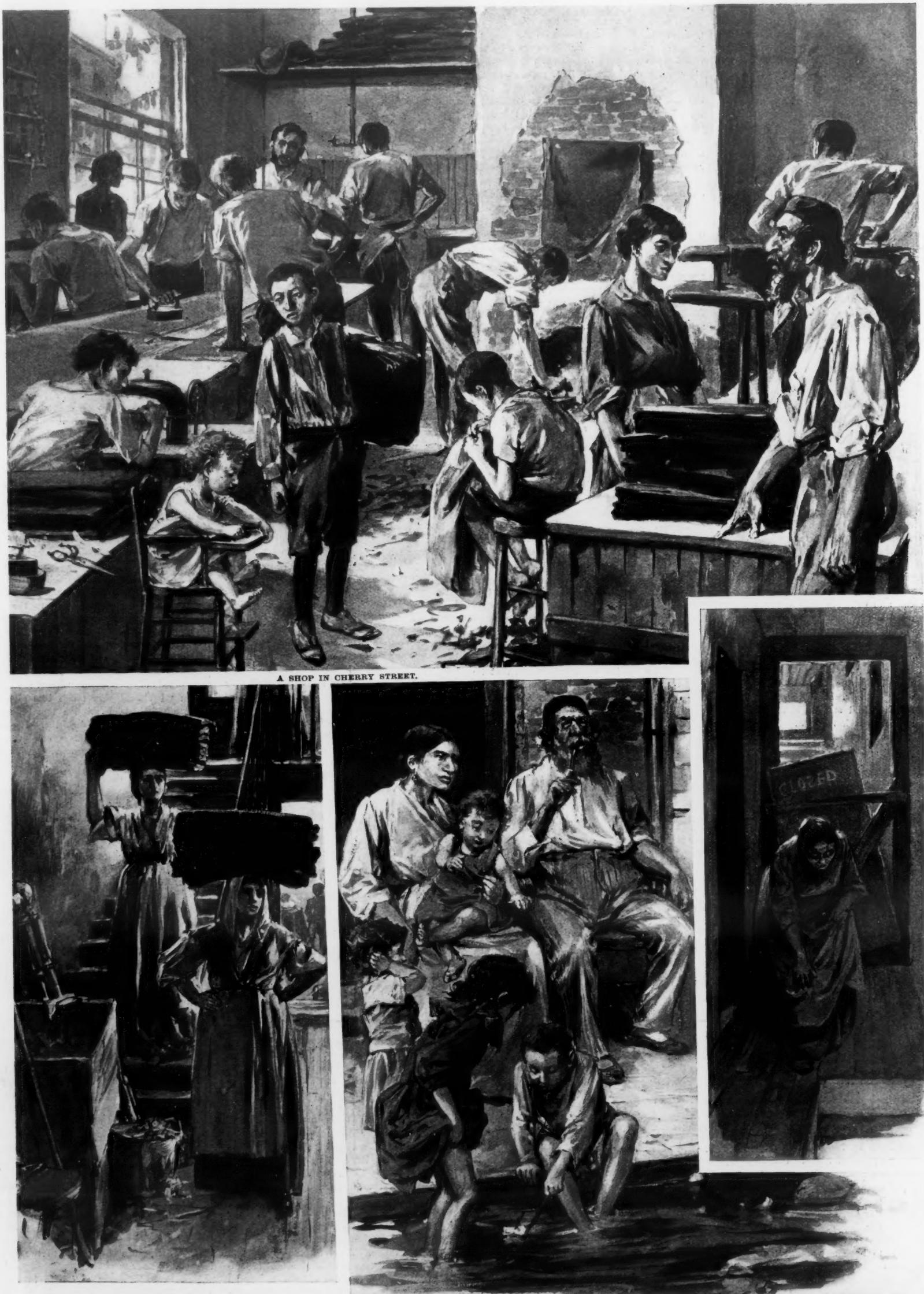
Mrs. Sheldon was greatly impressed by the possibilities of material development which lie within reach of the native African, but are allowed to run to waste. She believes that with proper treatment and encouragement the natives may be made large contributors to the industries and commerce of the world. In this belief Secretary George S. Mackenzie, of the British East African Company, fully concurs. This extract from a letter written to her about a year ago by Mr. Mackenzie shows forth fully the attitude of the company toward her and her plans: "I should very much like to see an American industrial mission started in the Gusha districts on the River Juba. It presents a capital field and contains a colony of from thirty to forty thousand runaway slaves of no religion, who by their industry, pluck, and perseverance have established themselves as a prosperous community. Their district has the great advantage of being on a navigable river, and not far from the coast. If any one is prepared to take them properly in hand, the company would be prepared to give every member of that community a certificate of freedom which would enable him to move about any portion of the company's territory without fear of being molested. A few Indians and Persians to teach the rough native modes of agriculture and irrigation would work a great change. You would want handy saw-mill, a few blacksmiths, carpenters, brick-makers, masons, etc., to start the thing, and a couple of officers to drill a sufficient force to police and protect the colony from raiding, etc. You will find me ready to give any assistance."

It is the plan here suggested which Mrs. Sheldon proposes to carry out, and for which she is now engaged in raising the necessary means. She desires, also, to enlist mechanics and artisans and doctors and nurses and teachers, men and women of ability and energy and character—in short, persons who will be able to teach the natives the ways and arts of civilization, who will treat them fairly and honestly, instead of spoiling them in the rapacious fashion of ordinary adventurers, and whose personal conduct will be such as to inspire respect.

The mineral wealth of Gushaland is very great. Its forests abound in valuable woods; its soil is of unusual fertility, producing almost every useful crop in great profusion, and capable of supporting great herds of cattle and sheep. Its water power is exhaustless, and the climate, owing to the elevation of the territory, is healthful and agreeable.

Mrs. French-Sheldon was born in Pennsylvania. Her father was Colonel Joseph French, a civil engineer of ability, and a grand-nephew of Sir Isaac Newton. Whether she succeeds in her new venture or not, she is attacking it with all the energy, persistence, and audacity that carried her through her previous venture, which was in some respects far more difficult, and every American should be proud that she is a woman of his country.

I. D. MARSHALL.



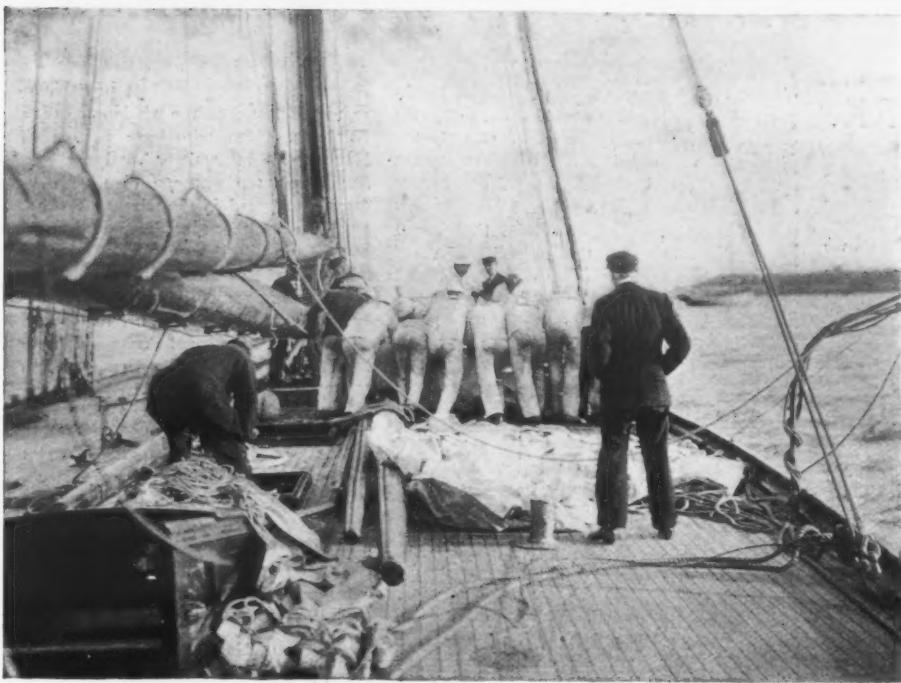
RETURNING FINISHED WORK TO THE SWEATER.

A SWEATER'S FAMILY TAKING AN AIRING.

A SHOP-DOOR BARRICADED.

AN INFAMOUS INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM.

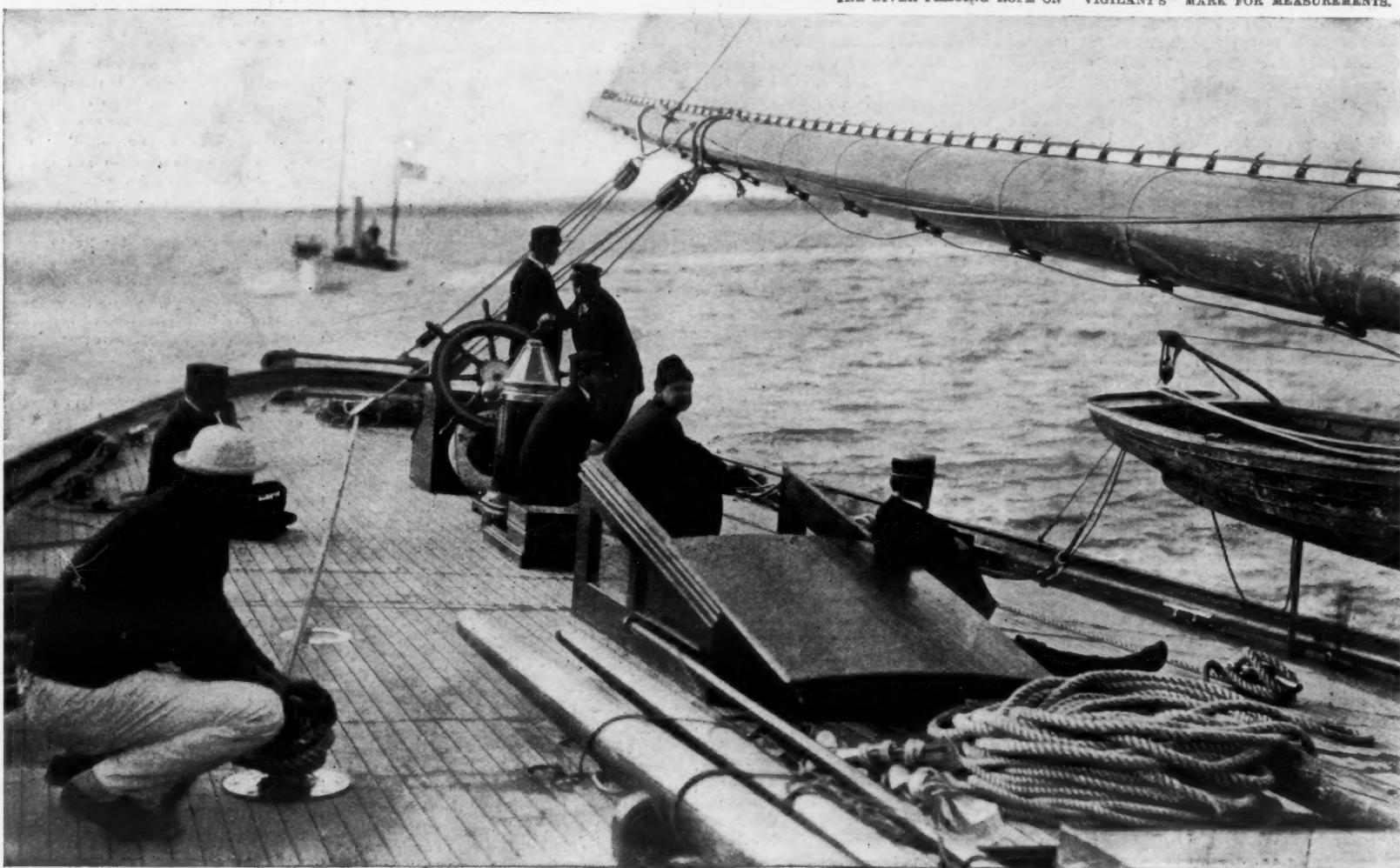
THE "SWEATING-SHOPS" OF NEW YORK CITY—THE PROTECTION OF THE PUBLIC HEALTH DEMANDS THAT THEY SHOULD BE ABOLISHED
 DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS FROM SKETCHES.—[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 124.]
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GETTING OUT A NEW SAIL ON "VIGILANT."



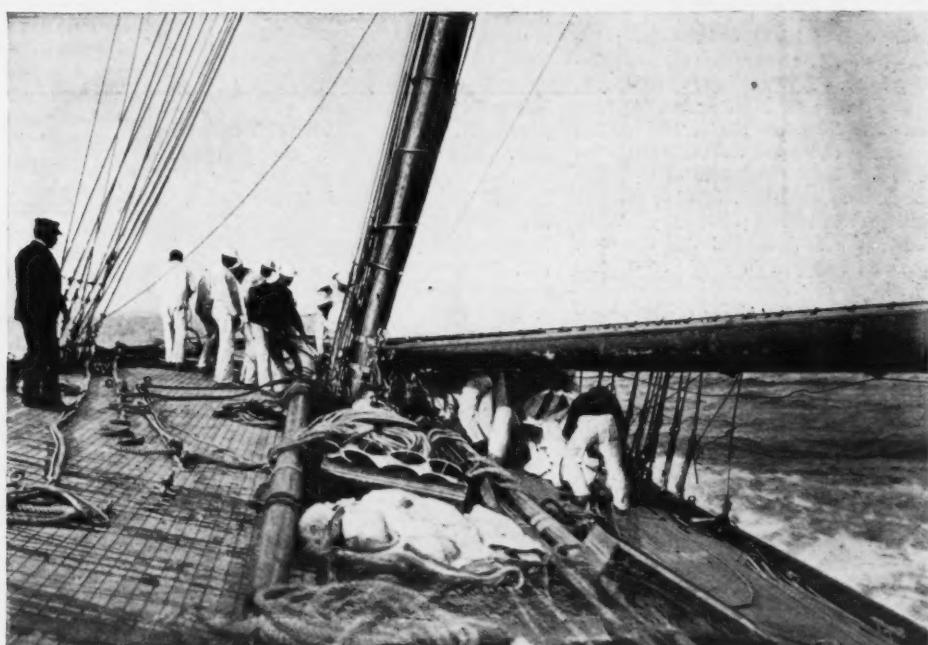
THE DIVER PLACING ROPE ON "VIGILANT'S" MARK FOR MEASUREMENTS.



ON BOARD THE "VIGILANT"—RUNNING HOME—GEORGE GOULD IN COMPANIONWAY.



ON BOARD THE "VIGILANT"—PASSING THE "BRITANNIA" ON SECOND TACK—GEORGE GOULD BEHIND WHEEL.



GETTING OUT MAIN JIB ON "VIGILANT."

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACES BETWEEN THE "VIGILANT" AND "BRITANNIA."

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE ON BOARD THE "VIGILANT."
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THE SWEATING-SHOPS OF NEW YORK.

NEW YORK is the great centre of the ready-made clothing trade. It is estimated that in the manufacturing part of this business there are about ninety thousand workers; while within a radius of twenty miles from the city hall there are probably twenty-five thousand more. Of these about sixty-five per cent. are Americans and foreign Jews, twenty-five per cent. Italians, and the balance of American, English, and other nationalities. The great preponderance of Jews results from special European conditions which we cannot here discuss, and in a large measure from the cruel persecution of the Jews in Russia.

The sweating system is one of contracting out, a survival of European industrial methods of a hundred and fifty years ago. A B does a manufacturing trade that would employ for reasonable hours a thousand men and a proportionate number of women and children. To build factories of this capacity and fit them up properly, giving adequate breathing space and proper sanitary conditions for all employees, would require a large capital used under circumstances of law and public opinion tending in a substantial degree to limit the profit that could be made from each toiler. Therefore he employs a number of cutters, necessarily at high wages, and contracts out the cut garments to C D, E F, and others, who sub-contract till there are two or three removes and as many profits between A B and the worker. Possibly the ultimate undertaker has a room into which he can crowd ten or a dozen sewing-machines, two pressing-boards, and twenty or more workers. This is a sweat-shop of the better class, such as is shown in part in our illustrations on page 122. More probably the last undertaker is a man who has hired one or two sewing-machines and turned his poor and dirty abode into a workshop. In this den is a hot stove, winter or summer, a tailor's goose is upon it, and another is in the hands of a workman. The two machines are humming, propelled by foot power. Some workers are basting, others are doing some finishing work, and children are pulling out basting-threads. The room is crowded, the air is filled with floating fibres of wool, cotton, and shoddy, and poisoned by exhalations from the sweating toilers. The heat is intolerable, and some of the weak and weary little workers pull their last basting-threads and are more fortunate dead than to have continued the life so sadly begun. From this case, as from the larger shops, great bundles of clothing are taken out for one or other of the several finishing operations, and thus are utilized in her own den, for a wage much less than the sum that would keep her in the almshouse, the precious moments of the woman who has a sick husband or child.

A medical authority says: "Few of the people at work in the sweating-shops live to be forty years of age. Young men become aged before they reach the vigor of manhood, and their descendants will inherit a mental and physical feebleness which will ill fit them for the battle of life."

An operator at his best can earn seven to ten dollars per week, and a finisher from five to seven, or even possibly eight dollars; the higher wages involving fourteen to fifteen hours of work per day. Take a finisher at six dollars, paying two dollars for his den; and having a wife and three children. Buying food and fuel and everything under the most expensive conditions, he has for the members of his family from one-third to one-fourth of what it would cost to keep them in the penitentiary. Think of living such a life, thankful that the work holds out, and that you do not die of absolute starvation!

Bad as this is for the slaves of the sweatshop, the sum of the evils it inflicts on their fellows is greater still. Wages and conditions of life are lowered among many other workers, who must go hungry because these ones starve, and badly clothed because these can scarcely cover their nakedness. And if the standard of living is lowered among wage-workers it must also be lowered among all classes, except those with fixed incomes and the few that make abnormal profits, generally for a short time only, out of special conditions or the necessities of others.

The sweat-shop is necessarily filthy, and the neighboring tenements are more dirty in consequence. The very existence of such a little Gehenna poisons the atmosphere. The thousands of these dens in the East Side of New York send about them, and far away to the palaces of the rich, invisible clouds of disease-breeding germs that infect the air and produce

many a death. Such places are the favorite haunts of typhus, measles, small-pox, scarlet-fever, and diphtheria.

There is one disease in the United States we have more reason to dread than any other. Always present, and never epidemic, consumption is responsible for one-seventh of all the deaths in the United States, and a considerably larger proportion of those in New York. Consumption breeds in these sweat-shops, and the deadly bacilli are wafted on the winds to every nook, increasing the amount of general contagion and the probabilities of this dreaded death for every dweller for many miles around. Invisible even with the microscope, under all ordinary conditions the bacillus of this disease is almost indestructible. Scentless as it is invisible, in the stench of the dens and alleys, in the dust of the streets, it disseminates in the air till it is everywhere present in a greater or less degree, and no man breathes in New York without inhaling it. Generally it finds no permanent lodging-place, but ultimately it kills about one in six, and the number of deaths bears a proportion to the contagion. Those with weak lungs or throats or digestive organs are generally most susceptible, but the strongest catch it and die. It is no more caused by a cold or other illness than a burglary is caused by an open window, but the cold may give the enemy his opportunity, as the open window may give entrance to the burglar.

Knowing that consumptive deaths bear a proportion to the amount of contagion, let the man or woman who doubts the dangers that we have noted visit a dozen sweat-shops, count the faces that seem marked by consumption and note the proportion of the seemingly healthy, and then say whether he or she would feel as safe in the neighborhood or anywhere in the city after that object-lesson as in a town where no sweat-shops existed.

The Montefiore Home, Grand Boulevard, One Hundred and Thirty-eighth and One Hundred and Thirty-ninth streets, New York, under the auspices of benevolent Jews, is a hospital for chronic invalids. It now cares for two hundred and thirty patients. Its last report is for the year preceding September 1st, 1893. It then had accommodation for one hundred and forty-eight patients, while five hundred and fifty-three clattered for admission. It treated altogether three hundred and thirteen, of whom eighty-two died. Of these eighty-two, forty-three died of pulmonary consumption, nine of pulmonary and throat consumption, and seven of other forms of this disease; altogether fifty-nine consumptives in a total of eighty-two deaths. Among the inmates reported were eighty-eight from the clothing trades, of whom thirteen were machine operators, twelve pressers, and forty-two finishers, etc., classed as tailors. Dr. Fraenkel, a resident physician, assured the writer that all of the tailors in the institution were consumptives. In one thing at least these tailors and operators, and other workers in the sweat-shops, are like the extremely good children—they die young.

Is there always a lower deep? Bad as are the conditions for clothing workers in the slums in the best of times, in a year like this they are worse than ever. The principles of the political economists scarcely prevail in a sweat-shop to limit privation and death more than in a European army, for there are always recruits from other spheres of activity. One purchases a neat, well-made, all-wool summer suit of a well-known Broadway firm for eighteen dollars, and in the course of two or three days' slumming he discovers that it was probably made in Suffolk, Essex, or Orchard Street at the price of seventy-five cents for the coat, and twenty-five or thirty cents for the pants. Last year the same coat would have cost about one dollar and twenty-five cents to make, and those who did some part of the work would have gone hungry at that. Perhaps the buyer would gladly pay a dollar or two more for the suit if he could know that it went to give fair wages to the worker and relieve himself from all feeling of responsibility for that worker's want; but there is no practical way in which he can reach the actual producers of the garment he wears and increase their scanty wages to a fair price.

Brooklyn is a part of the Greater New York, and small-pox was epidemic there in March, April, and May. The Board of Health sent doctors with guards of policemen a hundred strong to make night raids on tenement-house districts. They would surround a block, leaving some on guard, enter the houses, forcing the doors that were not opened to them, and subduing with clubs men who strenuously resisted

vaccination, carry on the raid as late as two o'clock in the morning. Many died of small-pox, and it is a literal and proven fact that some died of vaccination by force. Not only the previously vaccinated, but the sick were not spared, and yet these measures were not thorough, for the doctors raided only a small portion of the slums, and, of course, they dared no such methods with the general public. It is quite safe to say that there was many a mild case of the disease that altogether escaped the notice of the doctors. The Eastern District is the seat of the Brooklyn clothing industry, and here the epidemic was especially rife. How many a garment infected with small-pox was packed up there and sent to scatter the germs elsewhere no one can tell, but there was a considerable element of danger. And if danger in this case, why not more or less danger of some disease from every garment made in each vile den of a sweat-shop in New York—a danger, too, scattered north, south, east, and west throughout the country. But far worse than epidemics and small-pox sensations is the little-noted *sputum* of the consumptive workers on the dirty floor. Dried up in the heated room, the invisible germs borne in the air to the clothing in process of manufacture and carried in them far away to decrease the chances of life of the persons who will ultimately wear the garments! We cannot measure these risks.

Boston is not a paradise for clothing workers, but sweat-shops of the New York kind are there unknown. They have a law against them in Massachusetts, and although it is not so thorough as that of New York, they have a habit of enforcing it.

Of the clothing made in New York more than three-fourths are shipped to other States. The matter is, therefore, one of interstate commerce and of national health, and it is subject to the jurisdiction of Congress. It may be difficult to deal with the question in its national aspects without serious inconvenience to legitimate trade, but if local authorities cannot be induced to take proper action, it is evident that the time will soon come when national action will be a necessity.

In the meantime the whole question depends upon the general public. If they will take an interest in this matter, either for their own sakes or from a public-spirited interest in the welfare of others, a way will surely be found to lessen an evil which has become so intense and so widespread as to disgrace the civilization of the United States. EDWIN A. CURLEY.

Within Sound of the Sea.

From Sandy Hook to Cape Hatteras no one concentrates. The local world is vacative, chiefly in the upper story. The sea does it. The mind is led off and occupied by momentary trivialities, like that of a fish. One looks at a crashing wave spreading into an acre of foam on the smooth sand, and then at another which drives all the bathers ten feet inshore along the ropes; then a bottle-green wall of water moves in with relentless force, making the girls scream before it hits them, and then—swish, crash, boom!—they are all lost in a sea of froth as the wave passes over them and spends itself superbly on the shore.

All this, with soothing sounds in the ear and warm breezes playing over the body, produces a mental vacuity that makes us feel that the ocean drugs us into a love for itself. When one sits here deep in a hole in the hot sand, which fits the form like a good sofa, all ideas of work or concentration are impossible. The acridities and the ecstasies of life are alike forgotten. The ocean claims all. It is a jealous god that makes even LESLIE'S WEEKLY seem to be connected in some way with duty in its demand for thought. We have returned to the amphibian epoch. There is much dry, hot, clean sand and three thousand miles of water. That is sufficient. We ask no more. We plunge out and float up and down in the ceaseless seas, and then return and get fired up on the shore, remembering Byron's bad grammar about the ocean.

"And dash'st him to earth again—there let him lay."

That's what we do. We "lay" just beyond reach of the climbing fields of hissing foam and cover our legs with white, coarse, warm sand, and the girls come and sit around us with their crimples beyond recall, knowing that they are looking their worst, but not caring; and those who are not being mummified in sand criticise the next flock of girls who approach the water.

This untrammelled intermingling at the sea-coast is more free from sex than any other extensive public communion. Nothing but a sentry-box or a barrel would protect the outline from discovery while in the surf; but nobody cares. The human form divine is a drug on the market. This ocean bathing non-sexes without unsexing. It postpones. It provides an interregnum. It claims the whole mind for its own frivolities. Men who have mummified their lady friends in summer sand are sometimes amused at the extreme care with which a dress is managed in the winter. Some of them have an idea that the winter modesty of summer girls is largely a matter of fashion and an appanage of the realm of allurements. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* Nature never ceases to be odd in the enforcing of her temporary necessities. Cast-iron rules of Puritans do not always hold good.

STINSON JARVIS.

Salmon-fishing in Canada.

The fly fisherman has not achieved the full measure of success until he has fought a victorious battle with the gamey denizens of the waters of the North. There was a time, remembered by our grandfathers, when every river on our northeastern coast teemed with salmon, but the sewage from towns and the offal from manufactory that have been built in the last half-century have so poisoned the water of the rivers that the salmon has abandoned them. Now, the sportsman who doesn't care to journey across the continent to the northwest for his pleasure must cross the border into Canada.

The best fishing is found in the rivers near Montreal and Quebec, and in the vicinity of St. John, New Brunswick. The chances for the fisherman taking a big string are so much better there than in near-by waters, it amply repays him the extra expense and trouble experienced in reaching them.

August and September are favorable months for fishing in that locality. It costs the fisherman something to cast his fly in Canadian rivers, for the fishing-grounds are usually controlled by persons who are willing to relinquish their exclusive right only upon the assurance of compensation. An arrangement made, prior to leaving home, with the owners of fishing privileges will protect the angler against extortionate prices. The rate usually asked is one dollar a day, and it scales upward to twenty dollars a week.

The cheapest way is to form a party of half a dozen and secure the exclusive use of the river for one or two weeks. Terms may be secured in this way that will bring the per capita expense down to a reasonable figure.

The address of privilege owners may be procured by advertising for it in the newspapers of Montreal or Quebec, and through correspondence one can get a pretty clear idea of the cost of the trip. One very important question to be asked is in regard to the size of the salmon flies best adapted to the water selected. In all localities larger flies are required in the early part than toward the last of the season.

A heavy, pliable rod of ash or lancewood from fifteen to seventeen feet in length, a heavy line and a strong reel, capable of holding a hundred and twenty-five yards of B line, with space to spare, a strong leader, never less than ten feet long, and the necessary flies, is the character of the tackle required. In his collection of flies the angler will find the "Silver Doctor," the "Durham Ranger," and the "Jack Scott" of the greatest value. If one fails to lure the game from its retreat it often happens that the other is successful.

The fishing is done from light canoes, and the fisherman is accompanied by two attendants, the guide and the gaffer. The former manages the canoe, the latter assists in landing the fish. When the canoe reaches the fishing-ground it is anchored from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet from the shore, and the fisherman casts his line down stream. The fly should be drawn diagonally across the rapids, slowly and steadily.

The novice at salmon-fishing invariably makes the mistake of striking his line as soon as the fish manifests its presence. The angler should strike slowly. It is soon enough when the line has begun to leave the reel and the rod to bend to the strain. If the fish is robbed of the fly it is not an easy matter to tempt him to take it again.

As soon as the fish is hooked the canoe is brought to the shore, the angler being careful to keep the line taut. The fish may lie still, but there is sure to be a change. Suddenly the line rips through the water and the reel hums like a small buzz-saw. He must now be allowed all the line that he wants, and if the amount on the reel is liable to become exhausted, it is advisable to take to the canoe and follow the fish until he slackens his pace. Slackness should be kept out of the line. The aim of the fisherman should be to lead the fish toward a favorable landing-place. This can be done, but the game will "sulk" and "jig" on the way. "Jigging" is a series of short, sharp jerks that are

evidently intended to break the line, and it is a sign of weakness. A strong salmon often fights two hours before yielding. Salmon taken in these waters often weigh forty pounds, and to secure one of them is exciting work for the angler, whose muscles and nerves are under a high tension from the instant that the fish takes the fly until it is safely landed.

THOMAS HOLMES.

Americans in Corea.

It is of interest to Americans to know that American influence in Corea has to some extent overshadowed that of all other countries. The ruling classes, as well as the common people, understand that our interest in their country is altogether unselfish, inasmuch as we have no desire for territorial aggrandizement at their expense; and they are inclined, therefore, to admit Americans to close official relations with the government.

A number of Americans hold important official positions. The most prominent of these is General Charles W. Le Gendre, who as the Vice Minister of Home Affairs in Corea, has exercised a controlling influence in the struggle to maintain the independence of the country as against Japan, China, and Russia alike. General Le Gendre commanded a New York regiment during our Civil War, and later on he was sent to Amoy, in China, as consul general, where he distinguished himself as a diplomatist. Later, he directed the military operations in the campaign against Formosa. Surrendering his office in 1867, he went to Japan, where he had an important part in the great civil war between the Mikado and the Shogun, taking the part of the Mikado, whose final success is believed to have been in a measure due to his counsel and co-operation.

General Le Gendre remained at Tokio, the new capital of Japan, for some years. Subsequently, during the effort of the European countries to compel China to receive their embassies, he was sent to Pekin, and succeeded in obtaining recognition for Japan in advance of other countries. Some five years since he became interested in the complicated situation in Corea, and went to Seoul as Vice-Minister of Home Affairs, which office he has filled up to the latest accounts.

Another American who holds official relations in Corea is Mr. Greathouse, formerly United States Consul General at Yokohama. He is the legal adviser of the king. Other Americans in prominence in Corea are General Dyer and Colonel Niestead, who are in command of that part of the Corean army which is armed with modern weapons.

Counterfeitors Trapped.

FOUR of the most dangerous counterfeiters ever known in this country are now awaiting trial in the Ludlow Street jail. The history of their crime reads like a romance. The patience and ingenuity displayed in their capture reflect great credit upon Chief William P. Hazen and his associates in the United States Secret Service Bureau.

Probably no form of crime requires more daring than the business of counterfeiting. It is exceedingly difficult to imitate the intricate engraving, the famous silk-fibre paper, the manner of numbering and printing, and all the other complex processes by which our government protects its issues of money. But this is only the beginning. Where the great difficulty occurs is in the marketing of the stuff. Obviously it is impossible for the counterfeiters to make their business pay by putting their imitation money in circulation in bits of ten or twenty dollars at a time. Some outsider, some unknown person, must be taken into confidence. He buys, say, one thousand dollars' worth of the counterfeits for two or three hundred dollars, or whatever price may be agreed upon. If this swindler be "honest" he will not betray

his friend, the counterfeiter. Frequently it happens that the temptation to earn a reward proves too strong for the second rogue's loyalty to the first. Or, perhaps, the counterfeiter is silly enough to address his business proposition to an honest citizen. The present gang of money-makers committed this error. They were also foolish enough to take in a traitor for a partner. How bitterly they all must reflect, while facing long terms of imprisonment, upon the superior attractions of the "green-goods" game. Here there is no risk save that of exploding with laughter while selling to the honest yeoman a bag of paper which he fondly believes to be counterfeit bank-notes. And the "green-goods" dealer is never imprisoned! Not even the Lexow Committee has been able to check his flourishing trade in New York City.

Below a breezy hillside in the little village of Grassy Ridge, near Bethel, Connecticut, is the home of Lorenzo Hoyt, who, with his brother, Russell B. Hoyt, worked ostensibly at the trade of hat curling. The place is a picture of rural loveliness. One would never suspect that wrong of any sort was concealed behind its peaceful quiet. Back of the house is the garden one usually finds in country places. This garden is full of thick shrubbery. Moreover, it is sur-

rounded by a tall hedge. At the back of the house is a little shop where Lorenzo Hoyt spent much of his time making money. The windows were often covered with papers. This, Lorenzo explained, was due to the fact that he was working on an invention. In the little shop, as well as in the barn attached to the dwelling, the Hoyt brothers were busily engaged in the manufacture of spurious greenbacks. Their partners in crime were Samuel Massey and Charles W. Hill, who chose to call himself James W. Murphy.

Chief Hazen, of the secret service, learned last February that the Hoyts were making ten-dollar bills on the Mystic River National Bank of Connecticut, as well as United States notes. Hill was the informer. He called on Mr. Hazen in New York and betrayed his comrades while working with them. He was their engraver, and he is reputed to be the most skillful artist in his thievish business. After some parleying he agreed to deliver his partners over to justice for one thousand dollars in cash and a guarantee of protection from their vengeance. But the man repented of his bargain, and Mr. Hazen heard nothing more from him.

Here was Mr. Hazen's annoying predicament: he knew that counterfeiting was going on, and yet he could not discover where. But he was soon aided. A New York "promoter" answered an advertisement in June that offered big returns for a small investment. He scented thievery, and consulted with Mr. Hazen. He met Samuel Massey in a Chambers Street hotel in the middle of July, and bought from him three hundred and forty dollars' worth of counterfeit United States ten-dollar notes for one hundred dollars. Secret-service detectives watched the "promoter" as he was leaving the hotel. He nodded. Not far behind him walked Massey,

Corea and the Coreans.

We give elsewhere a number of illustrations of Corean life which will be found of special interest at this time. Seoul, the capital of the kingdom, as shown in one of the pictures, is surrounded by a high and solid wall (about twenty-five to forty feet high and six miles long), and the palace contains a few fine buildings. Otherwise, like all the rest of Corea, it is filthy and poor. There are eight gates to the wall, and they are opened at sunrise and closed at sunset or shortly after. The curfew-bell rings at eight o'clock in the evening, and any man caught out after that hour is whipped. When the gates are shut, access to the city is only obtainable by scaling a dilapidated portion of the wall. It is officially estimated that the city contains about thirty thousand houses, and the bulk of these consist of thatched hovels, lining narrow and fetid lanes. There are three main streets communicating with the king's palace. They are quite fifty yards wide and smoothly graveled; but even in these principal thoroughfares overcrowding and squalor assert themselves, for along the roadway may be seen rows of straw-thatched sheds on either hand, which reduce the space for traffic to a narrow riband in the centre. Upon either side of the streets or alleys runs a loathsome gutter, into which is poured all the human and animal refuse of the inhabitants.

Sanitation is absolutely unknown; and consequently no attempt is made to flush these stagnant drains. The people, it will be readily understood, are filthy in their habits. They don't seem to have even a remote idea of the elementary laws of health. Two or three years ago when the cholera was raging in Won-San (a treaty port in Corea) the customs commissioner actually saw a native woman cleaning vegetables for her husband's dinner within a few yards of where a corpse was being washed before burial, the dead man having died from cholera!

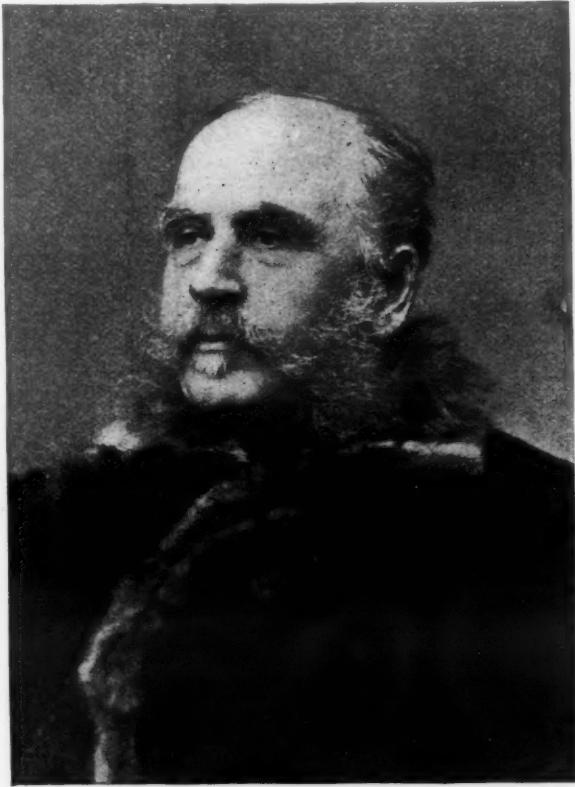
The Corean towns and villages are worse, if anything can be worse, than the capital. There may be said to be two distinct types of the country town or village: the purely agricultural, which lies away from the beaten track, and that which depends as much on the entertainment of travelers as it does on farming. Any wayside *elafe* furnishes an example of the latter kind. The road enters between two "higgledy-piggledy" lines of low, mud-walled, straw-thatched hovels, thrown up at random, irrespective of convenience or effect. The usual refuse-heaps, stacks of fuel, and open sewers abound; while a number of sun-tanned, nude children, playing around the entrance to the huts, and a crowd of adults arguing on some question of the hour, combine to make the scene a lively one. The inns are generally only eating-houses, and do not provide lodging. The rear of the inns furnishes a court-yard, often garnished with a powerful pig-stye or dunghill, littered with fodder and pitchers and vats containing condiments, so much prized by the Coreans. A large iron cauldron for cooking food is placed in some convenient corner of the yard, although it is always best, needless to say, for travelers to cook their own food in their own utensils. The guests' rooms are quite without furniture, and contain nothing but a reed mat spread over the mud floor, and some blocks of wood for pillows. In the winter they are heated by means of flames passing under the clay floor. Corean inns swarm with vermin of all sorts and conditions, and are perhaps one of the biggest trials to a traveler's patience.

The eating-shop is quite open to the street with the exception of a shelf, on which the viands are exposed. These vary slightly with the season and locality, but they generally consist of small, ragged bits of raw beef, slices of bean-cured boiled pork, salt fish, sprouted beans, chopped turnips, chilis, and steamed dough in rolls. Wine can also generally be had at the inns. The stock in trade of the proprietor consists of a rude kind of furnace made of mud and stone; this heats a pot which is always full of seething brown broth. There is also a rice copper, a bench of brass basins and spoons, a collection of coarse chinaware, and an earthenware pan of charcoal, kept busily engaged with

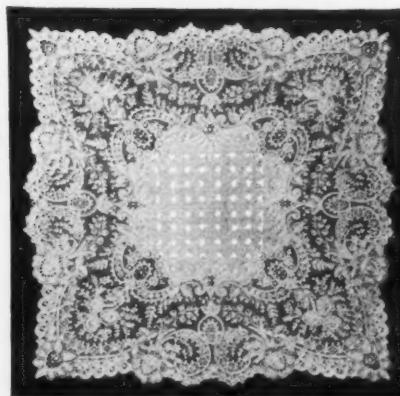
(Continued on page 129.)

Good News for Asthmatics.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free by addressing a postal-card to the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free, by mail, to sufferers.



GENERAL CHARLES W. LE GENDRE.



WITH the point of a pencil, start from any one of the square cells between four stars, pass with one continuous line through all of the forty-nine squares, and back to the original cell. No one cell must be gone through oftener than another.

If that problem is too easy, here is a second one. Start with the point of a pencil from any one of the little stars, and stepping from one to another, see in how few steps they can all be marked off, making the least possible number of angles. The sixty-four stars must all be passed over, but there is no restriction regarding going over some oftener than others. Five dollars is offered for the best answers to either of these prepositions received before September 20th, and the lace kerchief, worth \$250, for a correct solution to both. Answers should be addressed to Samuel Loyd, Puzzle Editor, care of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, New York.



The above mathematical wonder is creating a furor among students and lovers of arithmetic. Like its famous companion-piece, the "14-15 puzzle," it is so easy that every one can do it, but somehow or other, they always forget the answer. In proof of which, ten dollars is offered for the best answer received.

The object is to arrange the figures, employing them all, in any arithmetical sum which will add up to the nearest to 82. No signs or methods must be employed which imply multiplication, subtraction or division. The answer must be produced by one addition.

The author says he calls it the Columbus

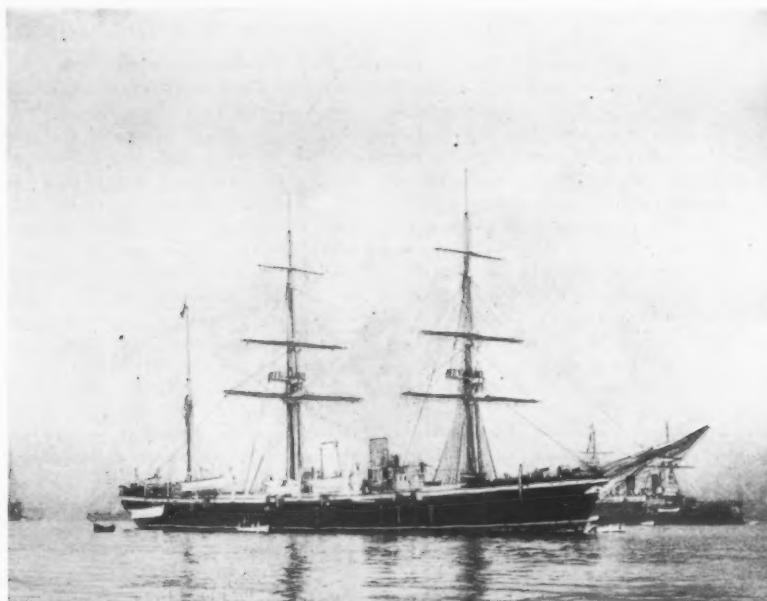
Problem, out of respect to the great navigator,

who made some pertinent remarks about how

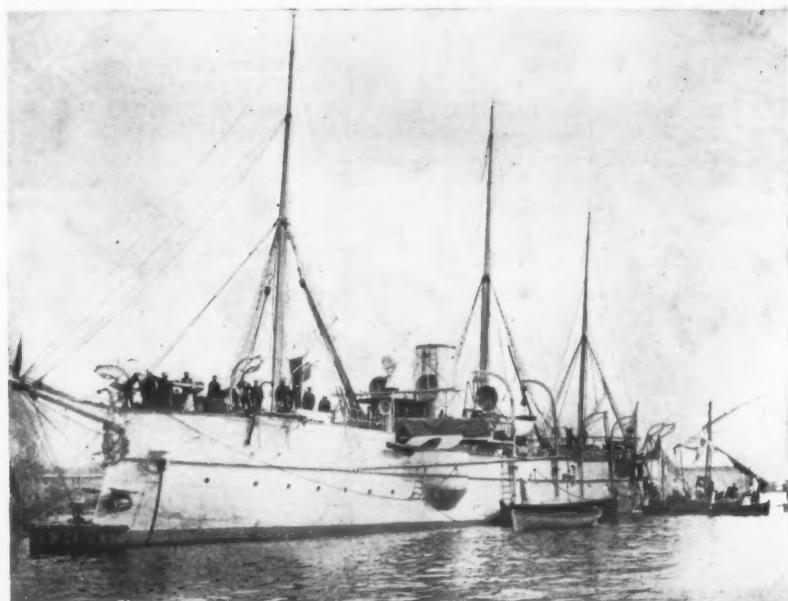
easy it is to stand eggs up on end after you

have been shown how.

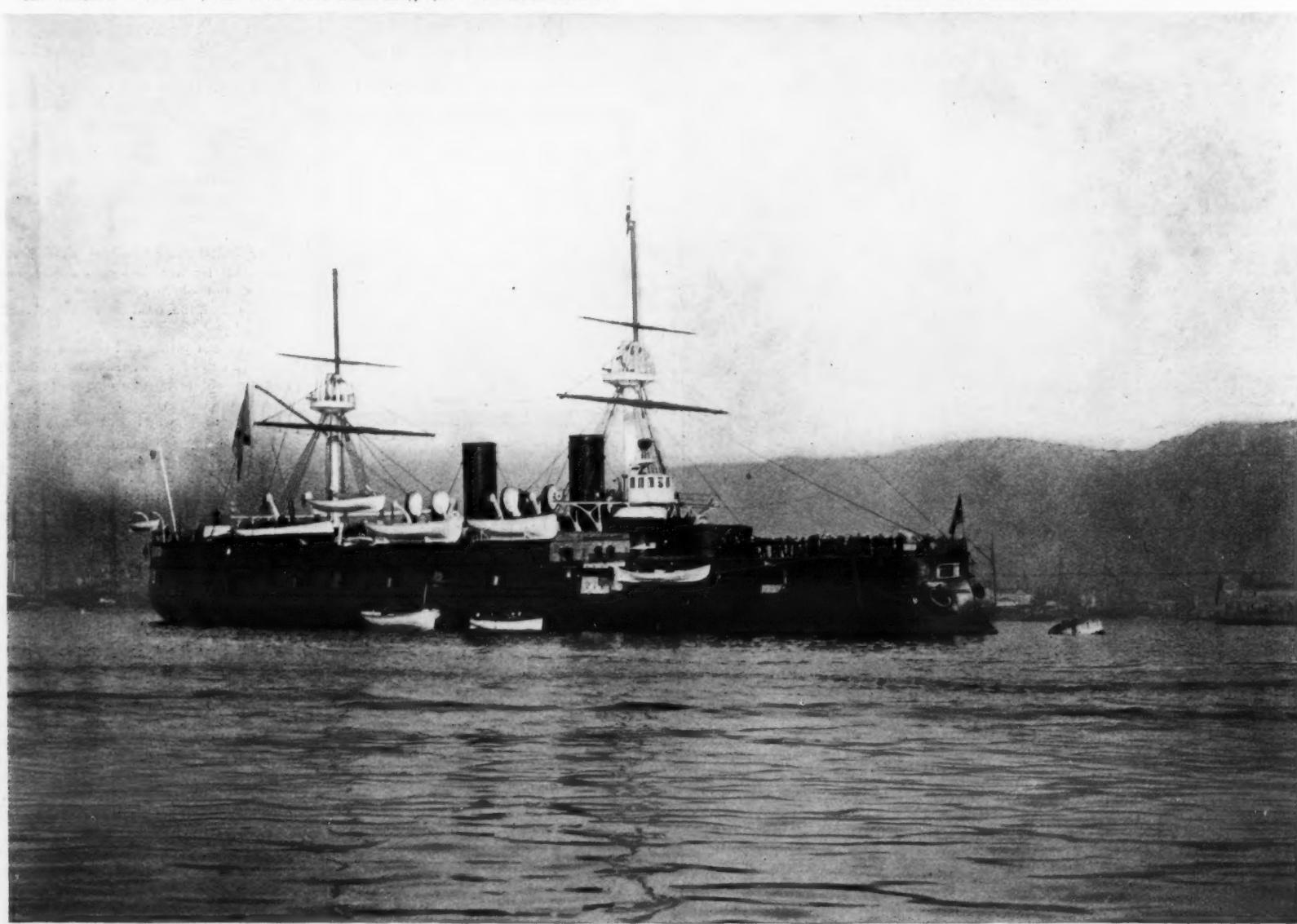
LESLIE'S WEEKLY



THE CRUISER "RYNDa" (STEEL AND WOOD SHEATHED), 2,950 TONS DISPLACEMENT.



THE GUN-BOAT "TERETZ."



THE "EMPEROR NICHOLAS I." (STEEL, COPPER SHEATHED), 8,440 TONS DISPLACEMENT.



THE ARMORED CRUISER "ADMIRAL NAKHIMOFF," 7,782 TONS DISPLACEMENT.



THE "PAMYAT AZOVA" (STEEL ARMOR), 6,000 TONS DISPLACEMENT.

THE NAVAL STRENGTH OF RUSSIA.

WILL SHE FIND, IN THE COREAN TROUBLES, A PRETEXT FOR ARMED INTERVENTION?—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE ARTICLE ON EDITORIAL PAGE.]
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PRINCE EDWARD ALBERT, SON OF THE DUKE OF YORK, AND HEIR TO THE BRITISH THRONE.—*Illustrated London News.*



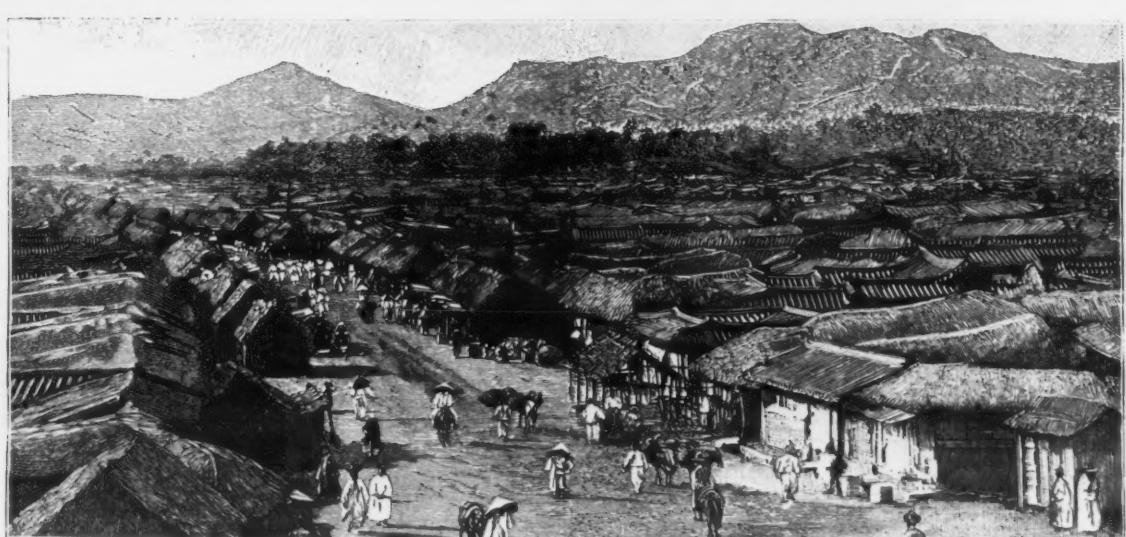
THE KOREAN WAR—ON BOARD A CHINESE TROOP-SHIP.—*Illustrated London News.*



BRITISH TROOPS DESTROYING THE REFUSE OF HOUSES IN HONG-KONG INFECTED BY THE PLAGUE.—*London Graphic.*



THE SILVER-WEDDING OF THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF DENMARK.—*Paris L'Illustration.*



GENERAL VIEW OF SEOUL, CAPITAL OF COREA.—*Paris L'Illustration.*

SHOULD BE NEITHER BORN NOR MADE.

A YOUTHFUL pilgrim of Beacon Hill lately raised the ghost of Horace by construing "Poeta nascitur, non fit," to mean, "It is not fit that a poet should be born."—*Judge*.

A HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCE.

MRS. TIDY—"I never knew till I married Arthur how much a full beard lightens the duties of a housekeeper."

Visiting friend—"Why, what has a full beard to do with housekeeping, Laura?"

Mrs. Tidye—"It makes such a nice crumb-catcher."—*Judge*.

AN IRRESISTIBLE INDUCEMENT.

CUSTOMER—"What is the price of this goods?"

Clerk—"That is four dollars and ninety-nine cents a yard, madam."

Customer—"Oh, that is much too dear."

Clerk—"But it is reduced from five dollars."

Customer—"Is that so? I'll take ten yards."—*Judge*.

MORE SATISFACTORY.

GUEST—"Waiter, bring two boiled eggs."

Waiter—"Boss, couldn't you take dem augs poached? Hit's been found mo' satisfactory roun' to open dem aigs in de kitchen."—*Judge*.

NOT OVER-SENSITIVE.

WILLIE—"An' what did Clawence do when Bob Slugard kicked him?"

Algy—"He simply said, 'Gweat men are not sensitive to cwiticism,' and walked swiftly away."—*Judge*.

THE fashionable ladies' corrective tonic is Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.

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If any young, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost, no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription, and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address E. H. HUNTERFORD, Box A. 231, Albion, Michigan.

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Name.	Address.

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Great Original Pine Tar Soap.

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COULDN'T POSSIBLY SEE.

CORA—"I'd like to see myself fire off a pistol on the Fourth."

Merritt—"Of course you would, my dear. When a woman fires a pistol she always shuts her eyes."—*Judge*.

A LONG DRIVE.

MRS. CORWIGGER—"You are sure you haven't forgotten anything, Henry?"

Cowgiver—"Quite, my dear. As soon as the farmer said his house was only five minutes' walk from the station I telegraphed to have a carriage waiting for us."—*Judge*.

SUPERFLUOUS.

CORA—"I wonder why they don't think it is necessary to have window-shades in these farm-houses?"

Madge—"Pshaw! They know very well there are no men here."—*Judge*.

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MALT WHISKEY



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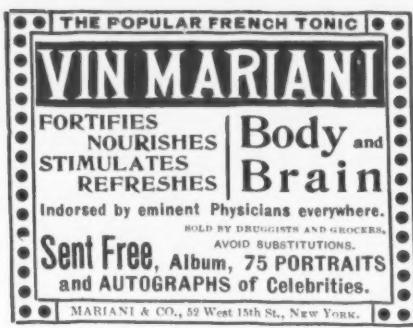
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Corea and the Coreans.

(Continued from page 125.)

a gridiron, in which scraps of meat, or tid bits composed of three or four onions and shreds of beef skewered on a wooden spit, are roasting. Men usually attend on customers; women superintend the cooking and distribution of food.

The ordinary Corean magistrate or government official lives in a building fifty or sixty feet square, with a small piece of open yard in the centre. The magistrate's office is, say, ten or twelve feet square, and the open yard a court-house. Tattered mats are spread about over the wooden floor, and an earthenware pot, containing live charcoal, hangs in the centre for lighting pipes. The mud walls are unplastered, and show all the cracks; the pillars which support the heavy tiled roof are bending beneath the weight, and the rafters are grimy with dust and cobwebs. Dirty robes hang about, and brooms and gourds are scattered about the floor. The writing materials consist of a small round table the size of a foot-stool, an ink-stone, Chinese ink, and hair pencils. Writing is done by sitting on the ground and taking a roll of paper in the left hand and gradually unrolling the paper as the writing progresses. When finished it is cut off the roll, neatly folded into a narrow oblong, so that it can be easily closed by pasting one corner, a seal is put on, it is addressed, and finally dispatched. Money is frequently so scarce that it has taken a Corean tradesman, upon whom a letter of credit was drawn, all day to collect from his neighbors the sum of twelve dollars.

Corean society is divided into three classes: 1. The upper class, which consists of the nobility. The nobles are autocrats and have absolute power over the lower class. The public service and teaching are the only two forms of employment open to them. The middle class forms the merchants and junior public service; while the lowest class, which comprises four-fifths of the native population, are literally hewers of wood and drawers of water for the two higher classes.

The Corean males are about five feet five inches in stature, well formed, and of fairly good appearance. The peasants are very strong, and can endure a good deal of hard work. They are bright, good-humored, and easy-going; on the other hand, they are fearful liars, untrustworthy, lazy, and of filthy habits. I may add that the costume usually worn is of white cotton, white pants, coats, socks, and even boots. They retain this queer costume all the year round in spite of the cold winter weather.

Corea has practically no army or navy. There are about four or five thousand so-called soldiers stationed at Seoul as a body guard to the king, but only about fifteen hundred of these are real fighting men. The others are armed with bows and arrows, and are quite unaccustomed to any military training worthy of the name.

F. C. CHAPPELL.

Our Foreign Pictures.

THE PLAGUE IN CHINA.

The plague continues its ravages in Hong Kong with unabated violence. Most distressing accounts reach us of its fatal and devastating effects in the native quarter of the city, where it is nourished by the peculiar burial customs of the poorer and more ignorant classes, as well as by their hostility to all proper sanitary regulations. The contagion has been spread, too, by the native hospitals, which are under the control of ignorant Chinese doctors. It has been found necessary, in order to stay the ravages of the epidemic, for the British troops who are stationed in Hong Kong, to act as sanitary agents. The Shropshire Light Infantry regiment has rendered very valuable services at the centre of the ravaged district. Our picture, taken from the London *Graphic*, shows the men at work with tin cans and whitewash tubs, disinfecting the plague-stricken dwellings, and making bonfires of the furniture, which litters the roadways, and of all other articles which had been exposed to contagion.

A ROYAL SILVER WEDDING.

The foreign papers have given us copious accounts of the festivities at Copenhagen attending the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark. These festivities took on something of the character of a national festival. The Crown Prince has greatly endeared himself to his people, as well by his homely simplicity of life as by his attractive personality and eloquence. The Crown Princess Louise, who is by birth a Princess of Sweden and Norway, is eight years younger than her consort, and is hardly less popular than he, although she has been compelled by delicate health to withdraw largely from public view.

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4-in-hands, Club Ties, Shield and band Bows, Tecks and Flowing End	25 cts.
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2 pieces, striped cotton.....	69 cts. (reduced from \$1.00).
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The rate from Philadelphia will be \$4.00, Pittsburgh \$8.00, Cumberland \$4.55, and correspondingly low rates from all other stations.

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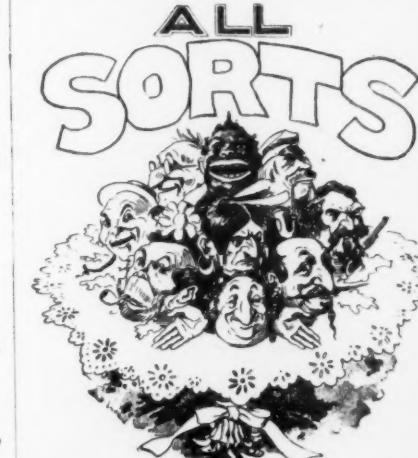
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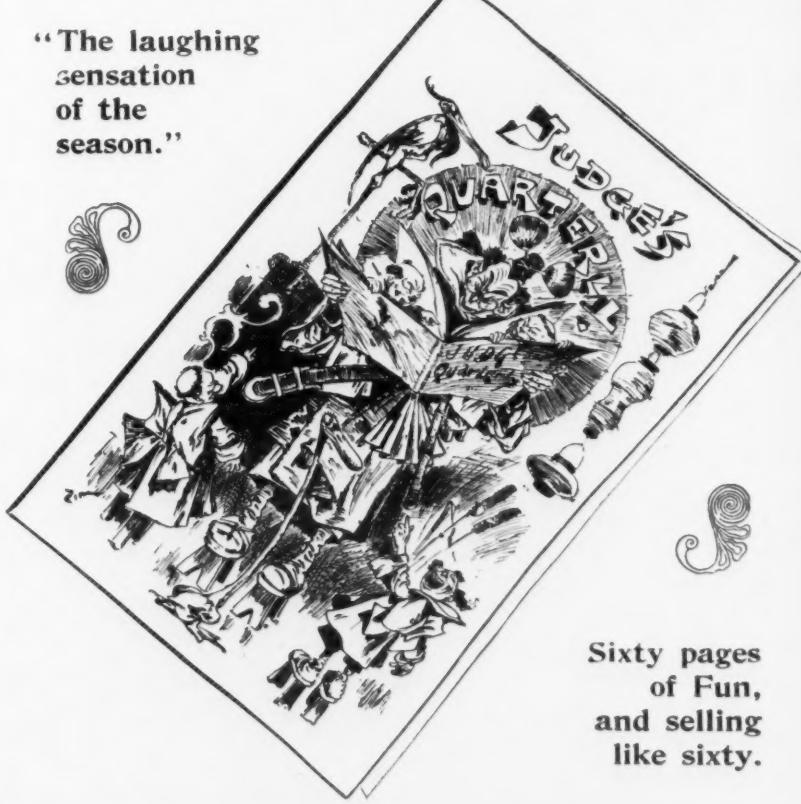
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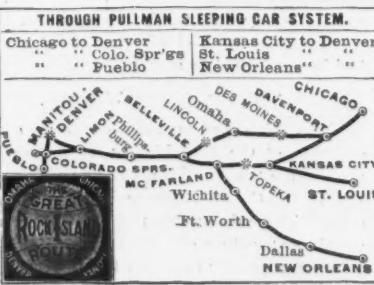
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